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MODEL SELECTIONS
FROM
ENGLISH LITERATURE

PROSE AND POETRY

PART I

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PREFACE

This volume of selections from English Literature is primarily intended for the use of junior students in High Schools. Selections from such stylists as Goldsmith, Edgeworth, Yonge, Cowper, Tennyson and Browning are given a prominent place to enable pupils to acquire a good idiomatic style. Passages such as 'The Patriots of Calais,' 'The Union Jack and What it Means,' 'Damon and Pythias,' 'The Story of Regulus,' 'A Golden Deed,' and 'The Life-Boat' have been included as they instil patriotism, loyalty, devotion to friends, and a high sense of duty: 'Coral Islands,' 'Pearls and Pearl Divers,' 'A Famous Volcano,' 'Eskimo Children,' and 'The Moon-Lord,' satisfy the pedagogic principle that Literature should be correlated with other subjects, such as History, Geography and Zoology: also a number of story poems of a didactic nature have been included.

Thus the wide variety of subjects will, it is hoped, widen the vocabulary, quicken the imagination, and enlarge the understanding of the student, and introduce him to the great writers of English Literature.

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1. THE PATRIOTS OF CALAIS

EDWARD III, King of England, had besieged the town of Calais for upwards of a year, in which he had sustained a great loss of troops, so that he had become greatly incensed against the citizens. When they found that they could no longer exist for want of food, they intimated their readiness to yield the place into his hands. He gave them to understand that he would not receive their surrender, unless they yielded implicitly to his mercy, without any capitulation either for their lives or property. When this severity was objected to even by his own commanders, Edward would agree to show no further favour than to the following extent; he demanded that six of the chief burgesses of the town should come before him bareheaded, barefooted, and in their shirts, having halters round their necks, bearing the keys of the town and castle of Calais, which were to be humbly surrendered to him. These six men were to submit to the king's pleasure, how severe soever that might be, without reservation even of life; and in consideration of their doing so, the stern conqueror reluctantly promised that the rest of the citizens of Calais should find mercy.

These conditions were sent to the town, and read before the assembled citizens. The tidings were followed by a general lamentation, which, considering the difficulty of finding men willing to take upon themselves this cruel submission, was not to be wondered at. After some deliberation, a

burgess, the most substantial in the city, addressed the assembly. His name, Eustace de Saint Pierre, ought never to be forgotten while disinterested patriotism is held valuable among mankind. 'He that shall contribute to save this fair town from sack and spoil,' said this gallant man, 'though at the price of his own blood, shall doubtless deserve well of God and of his country. I will be one who will offer my head to the King of England as a ransom for the town of Calais.' The whole assembly were moved by this speech to tears and exclamation of gratitude. Five other burgesses emulated the noble devotion of Eustace de Saint Pierre, and offered to share with him the honourable peril which he thus incurred. They quickly put themselves into the humiliating attire required by Edward, but which, assumed in such a cause, was more honourable than the robes of the Garter, which that king had lately instituted. In their shirts, barefooted, and with the halters round their necks, they were conducted before Edward, to whom they submitted themselves for disposal, as the stipulated ransom for the pardon of their fellow citizens. The king looking on them with indignation, upbraided them with the losses he had sustained through their obstinacy, and commanded them to be beheaded presently. Sir Walter Maunay and the bravest English nobles, begged of the king to spare these brave men, and even the Prince of Wales interceded for their lives in vain.

Queen Philippa was the last resource of these unfortunate men. She had recently joined her husband's camp in circumstances equally flattering to Edward as a monarch, and interesting to him as a husband. It was during her regency in England

that the great victory of Neville's Cross had been obtained : and it was under her auspices that David II of Scotland was made prisoner. The queen was also at this time with child, and thus in every respect entitled to the highest regard from her royal husband. When she saw that Edward would be moved with no less entreaty than her own, she rose hastily from her seat, and kneeled before the king, saying with many tears : 'Ah, my lord and husband, have I not a right to ask a boon of you, having come over the sea, through so many dangers, that I might wait upon you? Therefore let me now pray you, in honour of our blessed Redeemer, and for love of me, that you would take pity upon these six prisoners !'

Edward looked doubtfully upon the queen, and seemed to hesitate for a space, but said at length : 'Ah, madam, I could well wish you had been elsewhere this day ; yet how can I deny any boon which you ask of me? Take these men, and dispose of them as you will.'

The gracious queen rejoiced at having prevailed in her suit, and having changed the dishonourable attire of the burgesses for new clothing, gave each of them six nobles for immediate use, and caused them to be safely conveyed through the English host, and set at liberty.

CHAMBERS.

EXERCISES

1. To recall vividly to the minds of the reader the hardships of a siege, refer to some of the notable sieges in Indian History, as an introduction.

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2. (i) Why is the 'humiliating attire' of the burgesses more honourable than the 'robes of the Garter'?

(ii) What were the circumstances that were 'equally flattering and interesting to Edward' that made the queen's appeal a success?

(iii) Christ is called the Redeemer.—Why?

3. Write—as related by one of the citizens—what happened in Calais, when they heard the conditions of Edward, beginning thus:—

'We all assembled at the market place . . . '

4. 'In consideration of their doing so'—is an adverbial phrase; what verb does this modify? Change it into a clause.

2. A LOYAL SUBJECT

OLD MAHOMDU sat in the guard-house late one night, talking to soldiers who were off duty. He stroked his long beard, which was dyed red with henna to imitate the beard of Mohammed the Prophet, and quoted the well-known Persian distich :

There are days when your humble salaams
He requites with a frown,
But your hate he's as like to repay
With a brodered gown.

‘Of whom speakest thou?’

‘Of the enemy at the gates—the Emperor Aurangzeb.’

‘Aie Aie. He is a strange man, they say. There are none who love him, but many who fear him.’

‘Even so, but men call him just, though in that matter of the tribute he was not just.’

‘How was that?’

‘Our gracious King Abul-Hassan sent the baskets of jewels according to agreement, and if Aurangzeb had kept his part of the contract we should have been left in peace ; but no sooner were the jewels handed over, than the news came that Aurangzeb with his great army was marching down upon our city of Golconda.’

‘Ah, he little knew the trouble in store for him.’

‘No indeed. ’Tis said that not only is there not enough food for his men, but that the plague

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has broken out amongst them, and many are dead and more are dying.'

'That I too have heard. Allah be praised—we have still plenty of food here in the city. The stores of grain and rice are large; and there is fodder enough and to spare for the animals. Our horsemen outside the walls have done fine work.'

'The army of the Moguls, alas, is like the waves of the sea; it is larger than our own.'

'Larger it may be, but it is one thing to besiege a city and another to capture it. Why, it is many days now since last they tried to scale the walls. Hark, what was that?'

'Only a dog, methinks,—'he that is mindful of favours.'

'A dog it is without doubt; but such savage barking betokens something. See, he is up there on the wall. Others have heard him too. There is trouble afoot. To arms! To arms!'

Phew! A bullet whizzed though the air and in an instant the whole garrison was astir, for the sentry on guard had heard the angry barking and had seen what the dog had seen—shadowy forms in the dusky light creeping up noiselessly, propping their ladders against the wall in readiness for the ascent.

'Take heart, my friend, 'tis only a dog barking,' said one to the other, as they set foot on the ladders; 'the sentries are asleep.'

But even as they spoke the ladders were hurled back by invisible hands, and first one and then

¹ Old epithet for a dog.

another of the would-be invaders were shot down and killed.

When King Abu-l-Hassan heard the story afterwards, he gave orders that a beautiful golden collar should be presented—to the dog !

‘Would that all the king’s subjects were as loyal and as faithful as the dog,’ said old Mahomdu.

Next time the Mogul emperor tried a different plan of assault. He sent forth a command that fifty thousand sacks, packed with earth, should be brought, and that the moat round the city-wall should be filled in, not only with the sacks but with logs of wood as well. The very first sack of all the emperor sewed with his own hands. Strange to say, he was not unused to ‘needle-work’ ; for in spite of the fact that he was one of the wealthiest emperors in the whole world, he had at one time considered it his duty to make skull-caps in order to pay for his food.

The filling in of the moat was the first step towards blowing up the ramparts of the city with mines. At last the day came for the firing of the mines. All preparations had been made, and soon—or so at least they expected—a great breach in the wall of the besieged city would open a way by which the Mogul troops might march to victory. But the breach, when it came, was not in the wall, but in the first line of the Mogul army ; for the defenders of Golconda had, by countermining, found a way of destroying the greater part of the enemy’s mines, and the only explosion that took place buried a few score of Mogul soldiers under falling bricks and stones.

‘Stones, bricks and men flew into the air like pigeons,’ said the men of Golconda, talking about it afterwards. In the confusion that had followed the

explosion, the soldiers guarding the wall had dashed down upon the foe, killing and wounding those who were too stunned at first to defend themselves, and the guns from the fort opened fire. That night all that was left of the fifty thousand sacks of earth in the moat and the logs of wood was carried into the city to repair the ramparts.

‘Ah,’ said the soldiers in the guard-house, ‘these Mogul musketeers can shoot straight when you give them time enough to fix their muskets on those wooden forks of theirs ; but take them by surprise they are no good whatever.’

‘Besides,’ said another, ‘they are afraid either of bursting their guns or of burning their beards.’

‘By force of arms,’ said old Mahomdu, ‘the Mogul emperor cannot take Golconda. But alas ! there are other ways by which he will be more successful. I have seen—’

‘What hast thou seen?’

‘Nobles of the palace who have received letters from the emperor and who are now no longer in the palace.’

‘Are they in the dungeons of the fort?’

‘Nay, but in the camp of the Moguls—friends amongst friends.’

‘They are traitors. Tell us their names. Not Abd-ar-Rassak the chief, or Abdallah Khan?’

Mahomdu shook his head. ‘They are loyal,’ he said, ‘and will be loyal to the end.’

‘Is that thy opinion? But Abd-ar-Rassak receives letters from the emperor.’

‘Thy words are false. Abd-ar-Rassak is no traitor.’

‘My words are true. Even now the spy who

brought the letter awaits the answer. I have it from one of Abd-ar-Rassak's own men. Stay—thou canst see for thyself. Abd-ar-Rassak is now on his way to the garrison. The spy is there too. He is with the escort in the rear. Let us follow in their train.

'True, it is Abd-ar-Rassak,' said Mahomdu, watching the horses as they passed; but I say, as I said before—he is no traitor.'

'Come quickly then: we shall see what we shall see.'

Abd-ar-Rassak, the chief, stood amongst his men, an open letter in his hand, a scornful smile upon his face.

'What says he?' whispered Mahomdu to one in the crowd.

'He says that the Emperor Aurangzeb has offered him riches and honours at the price of dishonour: and look you, this is his answer!'

Abd-ar-Rassak was tearing the royal letter into small pieces which fell unheeded on the ground. 'Tell the emperor,' he said to the messenger, 'that we shall fight to the death, even as the followers of the blessed Hussain fought at Kerbela.'

'Did I not say so?' Mahomdu murmured, 'Abd-ar-Rassak will be loyal till the end.'

'And Abdallah Khan?'

'Aie Aie. He too.'

But a few days later Mahomdu found out that though he was right about the one, he was wrong about the other.

A strange hubbub in the city aroused his attention—shrieks and the sound of wailing, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the trampling of many feet. 'The Mogul troops are inside the walls,' came the cry.

'All is lost ! Hae Hae ! Woe betide us !' And the people fled, they knew not whither ; and often, in trying to escape, they fell under the sword of the enemy.

'It is the work of a traitor,' said a soldier, as he passed ; 'a gate was opened to let them in.'

'Which gate?'

'The east postern gate.'

'Abdallah Khan had charge of the east postern gate. Alas ! alas ! So he was as disloyal as the rest.'

'The fortress ; the fortress !' shouted the soldiers ; 'that may still be saved.' But the Mogul troops with a yell of triumph were there already, pouring through the gates—and into their midst rode Abd-ar-Rassak, trying single-handed to defend the palace of his king. Mahomdu could see him, fighting bravely, one sword against many, gashed and bleeding, swaying from side to side, yet he did not fall. Then the troops closed in and Mahomdu could see him no more. 'He washed his hands off life,' said the old man, 'and doubtless now he is being trodden under foot. But it was as I said : Abd-ar-Rassak was loyal till the end.'

But the end was still to come.

The next day they found the bleeding body of the brave warrior lying still and unconscious under a palm tree outside the city walls—pierced with many wounds, but still breathing.

Aurangzeb the Emperor had heard of his great bravery and knew the story of the torn letter and the bribe refused.

'Had the king possessed but one other servant as loyal as Abd-ar-Rassak, the city might not have fallen.' So said the emperor, and forthwith he sent

two of his own doctors to the aid of the wounded hero. Slowly, very slowly, he began to recover, but never once did he swerve in his allegiance to his old master. Nothing the emperor could say or do made any difference. Abd-ar-Rassak's answer was always the same: 'No man who has eaten the salt of Abu-l-Hassan can enter the service of Aurangzeb.'

And Aurangzeb was sad at heart, for loyalty such as this was seldom to be found in the court of the Mogul emperor.

ROE.

EXERCISES

1. (i) Note how the conversation here and there adds to the effect of the story; mere description alone would be dry and lifeless.

(ii) The paragraph beginning with 'Phew! . . . ' is almost poetic; see the appropriateness of:—'Bullet whizzed', 'Dusky light', 'creeping up'.

(iii) Draw attention to the sounds of words after 'A strange hubbub', on page 9 such as, clatter, shrieks, etc.

2. Contrast the nature of the siege and the results at Golconda and Calais.

3. With the help of incidents in this story, what do you learn about the character of Aurangzeb?

4. Write out in the form of a story, the conversation of Mahemdu with his friends.

5. (i) Use in sentences the following:—To keep the contract; to take heart; to break out; to eat one's salt.

(ii) Work up some phrases connected with 'Salt' with suitable illustrations such as:—Worth his salt; the salt of the earth: take with a grain of salt.

3. A GOLDEN DEED

THE battle of the Nile is one of the exploits to which we look back with the greatest exultation, when we think of the triumph of the British flag.

Let us think of all that was at stake. Napoleon Bonaparte was climbing to power in France, by directing her successful arms against the world. He had beaten Germany and conquered Italy; he had threatened England, and his dream was of the conquest of the East. Like another Alexander, he hoped to subdue Asia, and overthrow the hated British power by depriving it of India. Hitherto, his dreams had become earnest by the force of his marvellous genius, and by the ardour which he breathed into the whole French nation; and when he set sail from Toulon, with 40,000 tried and victorious soldiers and a magnificent fleet, all were filled with vague and unbounded expectations of almost fabulous glories. He swept away as it were the degenerate knights of St. John from their rock of Malta, and sailed for Alexandria in Egypt, in the latter end of June, 1798.

His intentions had not become known, and the English Mediterranean fleet was watching the course of this great armament. Sir Horatio Nelson was in pursuit, with the English vessels, and wrote to the First Lord of the Admiralty: 'Be they bound to the Antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action.'

Nelson had, however, not ships enough to be

detached to reconnoitre, and he actually overpassed the French, whom he guessed to be on the way to Egypt; he arrived at the port of Alexandria on the 28th of June, and saw its blue waters and flat coast lying still in their sunny torpor, as if no enemy were on the seas. Back he went to Syracuse, but could learn no more there; he obtained provisions with some difficulty, and then, in great anxiety, sailed for Greece; where at last, on the 28th of July, he learnt that the French fleet had been seen from Candia, steering to the south-east, about four weeks since. In fact, it had actually passed by him in a thick haze, which concealed each fleet from the other, and had arrived at Alexandria, on the 1st of July, three days after he had left it!

Every sail was set for the south, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of August a very different sight was seen in Aboukir Bay, so solitary a month ago. It was crowded with shipping. There were thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, and, of these, three were 80-gun ships, and one, towering high above the rest, with her three decks, was *L'Orient*, of 120 guns. Look well at her, for there stands the hero. There he is, a little *cadet de vaisseau*, as the French call a midshipman, only ten years old, with a heart swelling between awe and exultation at the prospect of his first battle; but, fearless and glad, for is he not the son of the brave Casabianca, the flag-captain? And is not this Adm^{ra}l Brueys' own ship, looking down in scorn on the fourteen little English ships, not one carrying more than 74 guns, and one only 50.

Why Napoleon had kept the fleet there was never known. In his usual mean way of disavowing

whatever turned out ill, he laid the blame upon Admiral Brueys; but, though dead men could not tell tales, his papers made it plain that the ships had remained in obedience to commands, though they had not been able to enter the harbour of Alexandria. Large rewards had been offered to any pilot who would take them in, but none could be found who would venture to steer into that port a vessel drawing more than twenty feet of water. They had, therefore, remained at anchor outside, in Aboukir Bay, drawn up in a curve along the deepest of the water, with no room to pass them at either end, so that the commissary of the fleet reported that they could bid defiance to a force more than double their number. The admiral believed that Nelson had not ventured to attack him when they had passed by one another a month before, and when the English fleet was signalled, he still supposed that it was too late in the day for an attack to be made.

Nelson had, however, no sooner learnt that the French were in sight than he signalled from his ship, the *Vanguard*, that preparations for battle should be made, and in the meantime summoned up his captains to receive his orders during a hurried meal. He explained that, where there was room for a large French ship to swing, there was room for a small English one to anchor, and therefore, he designed to bring his ships up to the outer part of the French line, and station them close below their adversaries.

Captain Berry was delighted, and exclaimed, 'If we succeed, what will the world say?'

'There is no *if* in the case,' returned Nelson,

that, we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the tale is a very different question.'

And when they rose and parted, he said, 'Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey.'

In the fleet went, through a fierce storm of shot and shell from a French battery in an island in front. Nelson's own ship, the *Vanguard*, was the first to anchor within half-pistol shot of the third French ship, the *Spartiate*. The *Vanguard* had six colours flying, in case any should be shot away; and such was the fire that was directed on her, that in a few minutes every man at the six guns in her forepart was killed or wounded, and this happened three times. Nelson himself received a wound in the head, which was thought at first to be mortal, but which proved but slight. He would not allow the surgeon to leave the sailors to attend to him till it came to his turn.

Meantime his ships were doing their work gloriously. The *Bellerophon* was, indeed, overpowered by *L'Orient*, 200 of her crew killed, and all her masts and cables shot away, so that she drifted away as night came on; but the *Swiftsure* came up in her place, and the *Alexander* and *Leander* both poured in their shot. Admiral Brueys received three wounds, but would not quit his post, and at length a fourth shot almost cut him in two. He desired not to be carried below, but that he might die on deck.

About nine o'clock the ship took fire, and blazed up with fearful brightness, lighting up the whole bay, and showing five French ships with their colours hauled down, the others still fighting on.

Nelson himself rose and came on deck when this fearful glow came shining from sea and sky into his cabin; and gave orders that the English boats should immediately be put off for *L'Orient*, to save as many lives as possible.

The English sailors rowed up to the burning ship which they had lately been attacking. The French officers listened to the offer of safety, and called to the little favourite of the ship, the captain's son, to come with them. 'No,' said the boy, 'I am where my father has stationed me, and bade me not to move save at his call.' They told him his father's voice would never call him again, for he lay senseless and mortally wounded on the deck, and that the ship must presently blow up. 'No,' said the brave child, 'I must obey my father.' The moment allowed no delay—the boat put off. The flames showed all that passed in a quivering glare more intense than daylight, and the little fellow was then seen on the deck, leaning over the prostrate figure, and presently tying it to one of the spars of the shivered masts.

Just then a thundering explosion shook down to the very hold every ship in the harbour, and burning fragments of *L'Orient* came falling far and wide, splashing heavily into the water, in the dead awful stillness that followed the fearful sound. English boats were plying busily about, picking up those who had leapt overboard in time. Some were dragged in through the lower portholes of the English ships, and about seventy were saved altogether. For one moment a boat's crew had a sight of a helpless figure bound to a spar, and guided by a little childish swimmer, who must have gone over-

board with his precious freight just before the explosion. They rowed after the brave little fellow, earnestly desiring to save him : but in darkness, in smoke, in lurid uncertain light, amid hosts of drowning wretches, they lost sight of him again.

The boy, oh where was he !
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea ;
 With mast and helm, and pennant fair
 That well had borne their part :
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young faithful heart !

By sunrise the victory was complete. Nay, as Nelson said, 'It was not a victory, but a conquest.' Only four French ships escaped, and Napoleon and his army were cut off from home. These are the glories of our navy, gained by men with hearts as true and obedient as that of the brave child they had tried in vain to save. Yet still, while giving the full meed of thankful, sympathetic honour to our noble sailors, we cannot but feel that the Golden Deed of Aboukir Bay fell to—

‘That young faithful heart.’

YONGE.

EXERCISES

1. In this lesson accounts of two great deeds run side by side—Nelson's victory and Casabianca's heroism. The former outstrips the latter in description, though the latter it is that supplies the title.

2. (i) Note the way in which the author refers to Napoleon's plans, his dream—vague and unbounded expectation—fabulous glory.

(ii) Observe (a) the use of the following words and phrases :—overpassed ; sunny torpor ; thick haze ; wretches.

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(b) The appropriateness of the young childish heart 'Swelling between awe and expectation'. (c) The effect of the present tense in 'There *stands* the hero. . . .'

3. (i) Fearful brightness; fearful glow: quivering glare; buried uncertain light.—Explain the significance of the words in each of the above.

(ii) Not a *victory* but a *conquest*; bring out the meaning clearly.

4. (i) Why Nelson had kept the fleet there, *was* never known.

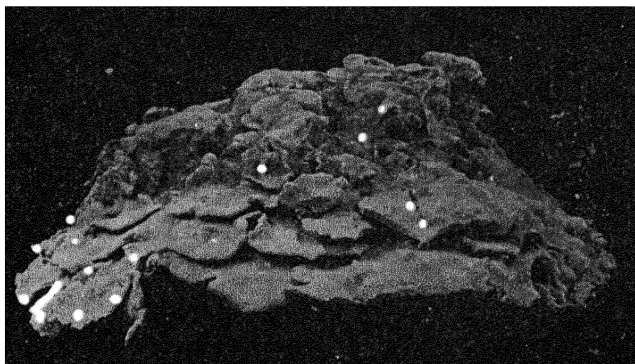
(ii) The admiral *believed* that Nelson had not What is the subject of *was* in (i) and object of *believed* in (ii)?

4. CORAL ISLANDS

THE sea is like a great treasure-house, for in it are found the most beautiful and wonderful things. These wonders and treasures of the ocean are so many in number, that we should want a big book to tell about only a few of them.

In this chapter then we will read about some tiny little creatures that live in the warm seas, and when they die, their skeletons build up islands big enough for people to live in.

The skeletons, or hard remains of these little creatures, are called corals ; and in one small part of the ocean there will be many millions of coral builders. The hard, stony part of one of these creatures is very small ; but when millions of these



A PIECE OF CORAL.

pieces of coral get together, they build up an island.

We may thus say that each coral animal makes its own gravestone, and that these stones all together form coral-land.

Perhaps you have seen a piece of coral, and have thought how pretty it looked. Well, when you have looked at a piece of white coral, you have seen a part of one of the islands or reefs that are so common in the Pacific Ocean.

The coral islands are not all alike. In some pictures you will see that one is like a ring in the ocean with a lake in the middle. These islands are often called fairy rings of ocean.

When the tide is out, the reef looks like a dry rock. Nothing is to be seen, for the little corals are shut up in their houses. But when the tide comes in, the waves dash over the reef, and millions of tiny creatures stretch out their arms.

For a long time, people used to think that the coral reef rose right up from the bottom of the sea. This was a great mistake, for the little corals cannot live at any great depth. The fact is, they find out a rock not far below the surface of the sea, and on this they grow.

Millions and millions of corals live and die, but still the growth of the island goes on little by little. At last the island of reef rises to the surface of the sea, and then the building is finished. The coral creatures cannot live out of the sea, and so their building does not rise above the water.

There is another kind of coral island, which has a reef or ring of coral round it. The water between the island and the reef is as smooth as a lake ; and even when the sea outside is rough, ships can enter it safely through an opening in the reef. If the

lake were quite shut in, the water would be unfit for the coral animals.

On each side of the opening in the reef, the coco-nut palm grows. It has beautiful plumes, and these, as they wave about in the wind and the sunshine, serve as a mark to guide the sailors into the smooth lake.

A CORAL ATOLL. CAROLINE ISLAND

At first the island is like a rough platform, and is covered with little pieces of coral. As the tide ebbs and flows, weeds and shells are left in it. Little by little it rises higher and higher, and soon all the little holes get filled up.

Their seeds float about and drop on the new soil. They take root and begin to grow. After a while trees and shrubs appear. The little island begins to look beautiful, and pretty birds and other animals live on it.

At last, when all is ready, man appears and finds everything he wants to make him happy. Does it not seem wonderful that the hard stony remains of little coral animals should make a beautiful island fit for the home of man !

EXERCISES

1. Describe how different kinds of coral islands grow and become fit for animal life.
2. (i) We should want a big book *to tell* about them.
 (ii) The plumes serve as a mark *to guide* the sailors.
 Note the use of the infinitives in the above.
3. Beauty—beautiful; plenty—plentiful; give some more adjectives formed by adding the suffix.

5. PEARLS AND PEARL DIVERS

THE oyster is a shell-fish which is got from some parts of our coast. In some countries the oyster is used for food, but in other parts of the world men dive in the sea for the oyster, so that they may get the beautiful pearls that are worth so much money.

Perhaps this seems strange to you, and you may wonder how the pearl comes to be inside the oyster. For a long time people could not make out how the pearl was made, but they had a pretty story to explain the secret.

They said that the oyster would come to the top of the water and open its shell. Then a little drop of dew would fall in, and this made the pearl. Now of course, this pretty story was not true.

This is how the pearl is made. Perhaps a little bit of sand gets inside the shell. This worries the oyster, whose body is very tender. It cannot get rid of the grit, and so it covers it over with a milky juice. After a while a beautiful pearl is formed, which looks like a drop of pure water.

There are two kinds of oysters. The English oyster is very rough outside, and the inside is used for food, but the pearl oyster has a beautiful smooth lining called 'mother-of-pearl.' This lining is often cut out, and is then used to make pretty things, such as lids of boxes, or handles of knives.

The pearl oyster is found in many seas, but we will pay a visit to the beautiful island called Ceylon, which, as you know, is very near India. It is in a very warm ocean, and round its coast we shall find men diving for the pearl oysters. They do not dive all the year round, but only for a few weeks at a time.

The people who live in Ceylon do not like the work, so that divers from India come for this purpose. As you may suppose, it is not a safe kind of work, for in those seas there are many fierce sharks.

In each boat that goes out to the fishery there are about ten divers. Perhaps five go down at a time, while the other five are resting. Besides the divers, there are other men in the boat who also do their part of the work.

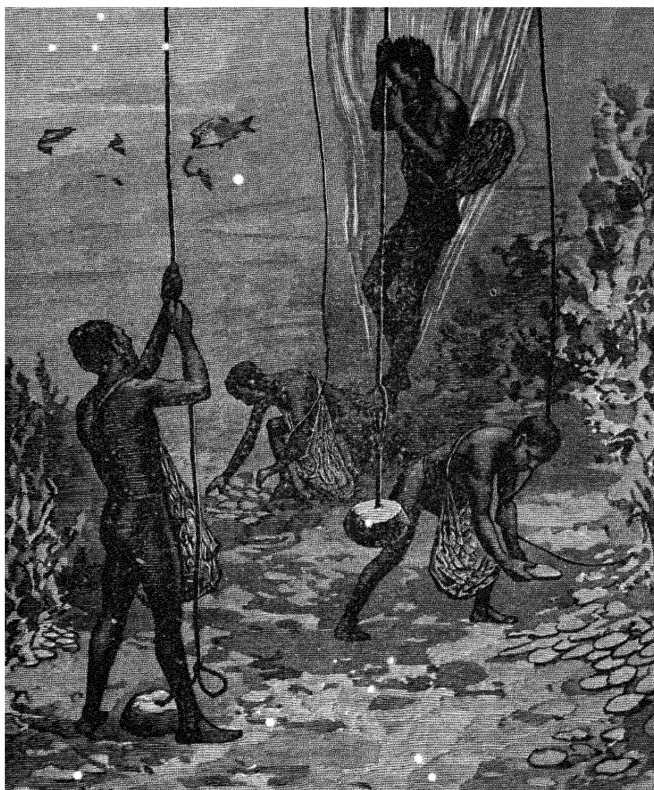
Each diver has a heavy stone which weighs about forty pounds. This is made fast to the end of a rope long enough to reach to the bottom. In the rope there is a loop for the man's foot.

The diver swims about in the water, and takes hold of the rope. He puts one foot in the loop, and then the men in the boat throw him a basket. This is to put the oysters in, when he has caught them.

When the diver is ready to go down, he shuts his nose with one hand and is soon at the bottom. As quickly as he can, he fills his basket with oysters. He cannot stay under water very long, but as the ground is covered with oysters, he soon gets his basket filled.

After he has been under water about a minute, he pulls the rope and his friends soon have him

once more in the boat. Here he rests for a time, and then goes down again.



PEARL DIVERS AT WORK

These divers do not live to be old men. They often lose their sight, and sometimes get covered with sores. Now and again, a diver never comes

up, for he loses his life either from want of air, or by the teeth of the cruel shark.

When the work is done for the day, the oysters are piled up on the shore. There they lie till they die or rot away. The pearls do not rot, but when the oysters are washed they are found loose, or fixed to the inside of the shell.

The loose pearls are the best, and always fetch the most money. They are quite round, and are strung together to make necklaces of which many ladies are very proud.

EXERCISES

1. You read the description of the pearl diver in this lesson—Similarly describe a palm-tree climber.

2. The diver *loses* his life from want of air. The *loose* pearls are the best. Note the meaning of the two words italicized in the above. What parts of speech are they?

6. THE LITTLE MERCHANTS

As the old cock crows, so crows the young

FRANCISCO was the son of an honest gardener, who, from the time he could speak, taught him to love to speak the truth, showed him that liars are never believed—that cheats and thieves cannot be trusted, and that the shortest way to obtain a good character is to deserve it.

Youth and white paper, as the proverb says, take all impressions. The boy profited much by his father's precepts, and more by his example, he always heard his father speak the truth, and saw that he dealt fairly with everybody. In all his childish traffic, Francisco, imitating his parents, was scrupulously honest, and therefore all his companions trusted him—'As honest as Francisco,' became a sort of proverb amongst them.

'As honest as Francisco,' repeated Pedro's father, when he one day heard this saying, 'Let them say so ; I say, "As sharp as Pedro" ; and let us see which will go through the world best.' With the idea of making his son *sharp* he made him cunning. He taught him, that to make a *good bargain* was to deceive as to the value and price of whatever he wanted to dispose of ; to get as much money as possible from customers by taking advantage of their ignorance or of their confidence. He often repeated his favourite proverb—'The buyer has need of a hundred eyes ; the seller has need but of one.' And he took frequent opportunities of

explaining the meaning of this maxim to his son. He was a fisherman; and as his gains depended more upon fortune than upon prudence, he trusted habitually to his good luck. After being idle for a whole day, he would cast his line or his nets, and if he was lucky enough to catch a fine fish, he would go and show it in triumph to his neighbour, the gardener.

Little Piedro, who used to bask in the sun upon the sea-shore beside his father, and to lounge or sleep away his time in a fishing-boat, acquired habits of idleness, which seemed to his father of little consequence whilst he was *but a child*.

'Come here, child,' said his father to him one day. 'How old are you, my boy?—twelve years old is not it?' 'As old as Francisco, and older by six months,' said Piedro. 'And smarter and more knowing by six years,' said his father. 'Here, take these fish to Naples, and let us see how you'll sell them for me. Venture a small fish, as the proverb says, to catch a great one. I was too late with them at the market yesterday, but nobody will know but what they are just fresh out of the water unless you go and tell them.'

'Not I; trust me for that; I'm not such a fool,' replied Piedro, laughing; 'I leave that to Francisco. Do you know, I saw him the other day miss selling a melon for his father by turning the bruised side to the customer, who was just laying down the money for it, and who was a raw servant-boy moreover—one who would never have guessed there were two sides to a melon, if he had not, as you say, father, been told of it!'

'Off with you to market. You are a droll chap,'

said his father, 'and will sell my fish cleverly, I'll be bound. As to the rest, let every man take care of his own grapes. You understand me, Pietro !'

'Perfectly,' said the boy, who perceived that his father was indifferent as to his honesty, provided he sold fish at the highest price possible. He proceeded to the market, and he offered his fish with assiduity to every person whom he thought likely to buy it, especially to those upon whom he thought he could impose. He positively asserted to all who looked at his fish, that they were just fresh out of the water. Good judges of men and fish knew that he said what was false, and passed him by with neglect ; but it was at last what he called *good* luck to meet with the very same young raw servant-boy who would have bought the bruised melon from Francisco. He made up to him directly, crying 'Fish ; Fine fresh fish ! fresh fish !'

'Was it caught to-day ?' said the boy.

'Yes, this morning ; not an hour ago,' said Pietro, with the greatest effrontery.

The servant-boy was imposed upon ; and being a foreigner, speaking the Italian language but imperfectly, and not being expert at reckoning the Italian money, he was no match for the cunning Pietro, who cheated him not only as to the freshness, but as to the price of the commodity. Pietro received nearly half as much again for his fish as he ought to have done.

On his road homewards from Naples to the little village of Resina where his father lived, he overtook Francisco, who was leading his father's ass. The ass was laden with large panniers.

'Well filled panniers, truly,' said Piedro, as he overtook Francisco and the ass. The panniers were indeed not only filled to the top, but piled up with much skill and care, so that the load met over the animal's back.

'It is not a very heavy load for the ass, though it looks so large,' said Francisco. 'The poor fellow, however, shall have a little of this water,' added he, leading the ass to the pool by the roadside.

'I was not thinking of the ass, boy; I was not thinking of any ass, but of you, when I said, "Well filled panniers, truly!"' This is your morning's work, I presume, and you'll make another journey to Naples to-day, on the same errand, I warrant, before your father thinks you have done enough?

'Not before *my father* thinks I have done enough, but before I think so myself,' replied Francisco.

'I do enough to satisfy myself and my father, too,' said Piedro, 'without slaving myself after your fashion. Look here,' producing the money he had received for the fish; 'all this was had for asking. It is no bad thing, you'll allow, to know how to ask for money properly.'

'I should be ashamed to beg, or borrow either,' said Francisco.

'Neither did I get what you see by begging, or borrowing either,' said Piedro, 'but by using my wits not as you did yesterday, when, like a novice, you showed the bruised side of your melon, and so spoiled your market by your wisdom.'

'Wisdom I think it still,' said Francisco.

'And your father?' asked Piedro.

'And my father,' said Francisco.

Mine is of a different way of thinking,' said Pedro. 'He always tells me that the buyer has need of a hundred eyes, and if one can blind the whole hundred, so much the better. You must know, I got off the fish to-day that my father could not sell yesterday in the market—got it off for fresh just out of the river—got twice as much as the market price for it; and from whom, think you? Why, from the very booby that would have bought the bruised melon for a sound one if you would have let him. You'll allow I'm no fool, Francisco, and that I'm in a fair way to grow rich, if I go on as I have begun.'

'Stay,' said Francisco; 'you forgot that the booby you took in to-day will not be so easily taken in to-morrow. He will buy no more fish from you, because he will be afraid of your cheating him; but he will be ready enough to buy fruit from me, because he will know I shall not cheat him—so you'll have lost a customer, and I gained one.'

'With all my heart,' said Pedro. 'One customer does not make a market; if he buys no more from me, what care I? there are people enough to buy fish in Naples.'

'And you mean to serve them all in the same manner?' asked Francisco.

'If they will be only so good as to give me leave,' said Pedro, laughing, and repeating his father's proverb, 'Venture a small fish to catch a large one.' He had learnt to think that to cheat in making bargains was witty and clever.

'And you have never considered, then,' said Francisco, 'that all these people will, one after another, find you out in time?'

'Ay, in time; but it will be some time first. There are a great many of them, enough to last me all the summer, if I lose a customer a day,' said Pedro.

'And next summer,' observed Francisco, 'what will you do?'

'Next summer is not come yet; there is time enough to think what I shall do before next summer comes. Why, now, suppose the blockheads, after they had been taken in and found it out, all joined against me, and would buy none of our fish—what then? Are there no trades but that of a fisherman? In Naples, are there not a hundred ways of making money for a smart lad like me? as my father says. What do you think of turning merchant, and selling sugar-plums and cakes to the children in their market? Would they be hard to deal with, think you?'

'I think not,' said Francisco; 'but I think the children would find out in time if they were cheated and would like it as little as the men.'

'I don't doubt them. Then *in time* I could, you know, change my trade. There are trades, enough, boy.'

'Yes, for the honest dealer,' said Francisco, 'but for no other; for in all of them you'll find, as my father says, that a good character is the best fortune to set up with. Change your trade ever so often, you'll be found out for what you are at last.'

'And what am I, pray?' said Pedro, angrily. 'The whole truth of the matter is, Francisco, that you envy my good luck, and can't bear to hear this money jingle in my hand. Ay, stroke the long ears of your ass, and look as wise as you please. It is

better to be lucky than wise, as *my* father says. Good morning to you. When I am found out for what I am, or when the worst comes to the worst, I can drive a stupid ass, with his panniers filled with rubbish, as well as you do now, *honest Francisco*.'

'Not quite so well. Unless you were *honest Francisco*, you would not fill his panniers quite so readily.'

This was certain, that Francisco was so well known for his honesty amongst all the people at Naples with whom his father was acquainted, that everyone was glad to deal with him ; and as he never wronged anyone, all were willing to serve him—at least, as much as they could without loss to themselves : so that after the market was over, his panniers were regularly filled by the gardeners and others with whatever he wanted. His industry was constant, his gains small but certain, and he every day had more and more reason to trust his father's maxim—That honesty is the best policy.

The foreign servant lad, to whom Francisco had so honestly, or, as Piedro said, so sillily, shown the bruised side of the melon, was an Englishman. He left his native country, of which he was extremely fond, to attend upon his master, to whom he was still more attached. His master was in a declining state of health, and this young lad waited on him a little more to his mind than his other servants. We must, in consideration of his zeal, fidelity, and inexperience, pardon him for not being a good judge of fish. Though he had simplicity enough to be easily cheated once, he had too much sense to be twice made a dupe. The next time he met Piedro in the market, he happened to be in company with several English

gentlemen's servants, and he pointed Piedro out to them all as an arrant knave. They heard his cry of 'Fresh fish ! fresh fish ! fine fresh fish !' with incredulous smiles, and let him pass, but not without some expressions of contempt, which though uttered in English, he tolerably well understood ; for the tone of contempt is sufficiently expressive in all languages. He lost more by not selling his fish to these people than he had gained the day before by cheating the *English booby*. The market was well supplied, and he could not get rid of his cargo.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

EXERCISES

1. Collect together all the proverbs in the lesson, explaining the meaning of each of them, with reference to the context. Write a story of your own to illustrate the truth of one of the sayings.

2. Compare the method of bringing up the boys by their fathers and point out that 'Honesty is the best policy' for successful business.

3. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own:—To be taken in ; to take advantage of ; to dispose of ; to impose ; to deal with ; to get rid of.

4. (a) He was *but* a child. (b) I was too late with them at the market yesterday, *but* nobody will know *but* what they are just fresh out of the water. Note the different uses of *but* in the above.

5. Point out the different functions of a noun-clause, picking out examples from the text.

7. THE GREAT INTRIGUE

PART I

The Return—Bharat goes to Kaikeya—A False Tongue—Jealousy

AFTER a short stay in Mithila, Dasa-ratha and his court returned and were accorded a right royal greeting by the citizens of Ayodhya, who had dressed the gates and hung the streets with thousands of garlands and festoons.

His queens greeted Dasa-ratha, and the four princes presented their brides to them. Queen Kausalya, Rama's mother, took Sita the soft-eyed to her bosom, while the proud Queen Kaikeyi embraced Mandavi, the bride of Bharat.

In their joy they did not neglect their religious duties. Indeed their devotion brought added blessings to Dasa-ratha's household. As to the princes, they seemed to have reached the pinnacle of glory and happiness, each dwelling in a fair palace, which, it was said, could only be equalled by the abode of Kuvera, the god of prosperity.

One morning after Dasa-ratha had performed his meditations at sunrise he summoned before him Bharat, for Yudajit, the prince of Kaikeya, was still present at the court.

'Know, my son,' said the aged king, 'the famous prince-warrior, Yudajit, the honoured brother of thy mother, has come from that distant country to see thee. Return with him to greet thy grandsire and stay a while with him.'

Soon afterwards Bharat set out with his youngest brother Satrugghna as a companion. With many a tear they parted from their consorts and bade good-bye to Rama, Lakshman, and their parents. Thus Yudajit with his guards set his face westward and journeyed to his own land proudly escorting the young princes.

Now Dasa-ratha was extremely old and sought to relinquish the cares of State. So it happened that Rama gradually assumed many of the more active duties of the sovereign. He won the love of the people by his strict regard for the law ; they considered, indeed, that his only law was the welfare of the subject, so pleased were they with his guidance of justice.

As the days of gladness passed, the people thought that the love of Rama and Sita was almost as beautiful as that of their god Vishnu and Lakshmi his consort.

Now Dasa-ratha convened his council, and a brighter or more impressive sight has seldom been seen. It was his wish to appoint Rama Regent and to secure the hearty allegiance as well as the consent of his subjects. The town was again decorated and provision made for the housing of nobles and other visitors from distant lands. Dasa-ratha announced his intention and it was accorded the acclamation of the council. The old man had spent several days in anxiety and his nights had been disturbed by curious dreams of ill omen. He again sounded the opinions of the meeting, particularly asking why those assembled were in favour of Rama as their ruler. The reply left no room for doubt : everyone appeared thoroughly loyal and ready to

serve Rama, on whose justice and wisdom they had long relied.

Accordingly preparations for the ceremony of appointing the Regent were made. The State elephant, the tiger-skin and the white umbrella, portions of the royal insignia, were prepared, and astrologers calculated the auspicious day and moment for Rama's accession. He and Sita accepted the directions of Vasishthna and retired into complete and uninterrupted meditation and fasting in order to consecrate themselves for the memorable occasion. As the crimson of the early dawn suffused the skies, Rama arose, performed his ablutions and, arrayed in silken robes, went forth to meet the Brahmins, as the royal minstrels were singing the morning call.

At once the news of the end of the vigil ran through the city. It was the signal for hoisting many a banner, and the people made gay with dances and music, and even hung rows of lamps ready to defy the darkness of evening and thus prolong the joyful day. Little did they suspect that their hopes would be frustrated.

Rama was so great a favourite that no right-minded person could have imagined his having a rival. Yet that wicked thought entered the mind of an ill-conditioned servant-woman, Manthara, one of Kaikeyi's maids, who in fact had been her nurse. From a staircase window Manthara had noticed the festive appearance of the town, and when she heard that Rama was to be crowned next day at sun-rise a deadly hatred filled her heart. Kaikeyi was still sleeping and Manthara roused her somewhat roughly.

'Kaikeyi, wake! How can you sleep in the face of such danger as threatens you?' This rude

awakening shook the queen, but the maid went on, 'He whom you love has dealt falsely by you. The king has by a trick sent Bharat away so as to crown Rama. Henceforth you will be considered inferior to Kausalya.'

Jealousy was not, so far, in Kaikeyi's nature. 'Nay, Manthara,' she replied, 'Rama's happiness is as pleasant to me as if he were my own son. Let us rejoice that Rama's day is come.' And she gave Manthara a jewel in return for what she considered good news.

But Manthara, inflamed against Rama, refused the gift, saying, 'This is no time to be giving presents : your light-heartedness will soon be turned to grief. How can any woman rejoice when a proud rival is exalted over her? Will this day's ceremony please Queen Kaikeyi when by it Queen Kausalya gains the empire for her son? What has become of your wonted wisdom, Kaikeyi, that you do not see what is afoot? Bharat himself is matchless. Rama dreads nothing from the twins, but fears the rival claims of your son. Of Bharat, Rama is jealous, and he feels his throne would be insecure in the light of the great merits of Bharat. Believe me, Rama has skill to deal with his enemies ; and such he deems Bharat, whom, I say, Heaven assist against his brother. Oh ! happy will Kausalya be to-morrow when her son is reigning ! Queen Kaikeyi will become as a handmaid, like us humble servants, before the proud Queen. Shall Bharat too be the slave of Rama? And shall the fair consort of Bharat become a waiting maid to Sita?'

Kaikeyi replied angrily, 'Put aside these wicked thoughts, crooked wretch ! Is not Rama the right-

ful heir? Will he not guard his brothers as a father would? When Rama's course is run, then shall Bharat's hopes find true expression. As for me, Rama honours me as much as his own mother, and he loves his brothers more than he loves himself.'

Still Manthara was not to be checked.

'Why is your mind shrouded from wisdom? Brother does not succeed brother. Our law is that Rama's son shall follow Rama, not his brother. Bharat shall spend his life in exile, mark my words. Oh, that I should need to entreat for a prince to his own mother! Your beauty is greater than Kausalya's, and she will never forgive you that subtle offence. Therefore let her not assume the power that will be hers if Rama is crowned. Demand of Dasa-ratha the boon he promised and claim to banish Rama for the space of fourteen years. By that time Bharat's kingdom will be established beyond all doubt.'

The hour of sunrise was rapidly drawing nigh, and Dasa-ratha having seen that all was ready, went to meet his fairest queen and confide his joys to her. Slowly he paced through the garden to her apartment, passing along an avenue of trees with scarlet and yellow blossoms. At last he reached Kaikeyi's chamber with its subdued light filtering through curtains of soft sheen. But his heart stood still a moment when he saw Kaikeyi was not there! He glanced backward to the gardens and longed to see her. Next he sought the warden of her chamber, who replied in terror, 'Queen Kaikeyi has fled to the chamber of mourning and there weeps like one out of her mind.'

Thither Dasa-ratha went and on the neglected, bare, dusty floor was Kaikeyi apparently in the

torments of deep anguish, for such was the device she adopted by the counsel of the wicked Manthara. The king's anxiety and solicitude, not to mention his love for Kaikeyi, were aroused instantly as he sought to comfort her.

'My Queen and Empress,' said he, 'what is the cause of this dire woe? Surely none hath dared insult thee! If some sudden illness hath befallen thee we have physicians and priests who can allay thy pain.'

Kaikeyi, however, continued weeping.

'Speak! Should you wish to condemn the innocent or honour the meanest, or liberate the lowest slave, I and my courtiers shall obey your commands!'

PART II

The King's Anguish—Sentence Pronounced— Rama's Farewell to Sita—Sita's Declaration

WHEN the royal oath was uttered, Kaikeyi's powers returned and she recalled to the memory of the king how she had once saved his life. 'The gods above and the sun, the moon, and the stars, are witness of thy royal oath! In bygone days, O king, when striving with the Demons you thought your wounds were fatal, but my patient attention made you whole. Then you promised me two boons. I have not pressed for their fulfilment, but now the time has come for me to speak. Should they be withheld, this day will be the day of my death. Let these ceremonies be for Bharat; let him be crowned Regent-king. And Rama shall be exiled for fourteen years in the forest. Banish Rama: anoint Bharat.'

For a moment the king could not believe his own ears. He looked at the queen in amazement and fear, as a wounded deer regards the tigress. As the truth dawned upon him he was like one stunned; then in a passion of anger he called her a traitress, saying, 'Why is thy hatred inflamed against the righteous Rama? He loves thee as his own mother. Have I cherished thee, Kaikeyi, and given thee the throne of Ayodhya, for thee to banish Rama from his kingdom? Would'st thou exile Kausalya and Sumitra? Would'st thou indeed rive the life from this aged bosom itself? Never till life ends can I part with Rama. Ask, I pray thee, some other boon, Kaikeyi, some petition prompted by a woman's kindness, but ask me not to commit so heinous a crime.'

Kaikeyi, mindful of nothing but her own wicked scheme, taunted the aged king with hesitating to keep his promise. 'Let your honour be torn to shreds,' she said, 'and to the assembled monarchs make excuse that your wife's life-long devotion was so little worth that you could not grant her a boon, and for that she died!'

Dasa-ratha tried to reason with the infuriated queen. He spoke of Rama's preparation, the rejoicing of the people, the decision of his own council, and the friendliness between Bharat and Rama. But all in vain: Kaikeyi replied to the same effect, with added bitterness and the semblance of despair. The monarch repenting his rashly spoken words, was afforded no respite by the cruel Kaikeyi, and at last worn out in body and mind he flung himself down praying for the release that comes with death.

The moment of good augury was imminent, and Vasishtha sent a messenger to the king bidding him

hasten with Rama. Rama, attended by Lakshman, mounted the chariot, and drove to the royal apartments to do obeisance. The perturbed monarch could do no more than murmur his son's name, 'Rama,' after which he sobbed and his bosom heaved. The prince was amazed at what he thought his father's anger or coldness, and wondered whether it was a signal of the royal displeasure at any unknown sin or omission of duty on his own part. The young man turned to Kaikeyi for explanation. She, devoid of real love or pity, pursued her aims.

'Neither grief nor pain is the cause of your father's silence, but he fears to proclaim to you his true purpose, until he hears you promise you will abide by his mandate. Before you were born, Rama, your kingly father swore to give me a boon, and now he would break his oath as the low-born do. Promise to abide by his vow, and I will tell you of the cloud on your father's brow.'

'Say on,' replied Rama, 'Rama's task and duty is to obey, even were the poisoned cup or dire exile the command.'

Queen Kaikeyi's ground was now clear, since Dasa-ratha was practically insensible. 'This, if you will obey, is the mandate : Fourteen years you must wander as a hermit in the forest of Dandak, clad in the bark of trees and living in a hermit's cell. Let my Bharat take the throne of Ayodhya. Your father is prevented from pronouncing his purpose by his anguish. Therefore I have uttered his command and look for you to obey it.'

Rama, with his characteristic calmness, bowed acquiescence in what he believed to be his father's will, and asked what had prevented his father from

greeting him as he was wont to do. But torn with grief and dismay the aged monarch, when he essayed to speak, fell in a deep swoon, and the prince sought his mother and Lakshman and told them what had occurred. Kausalya felt the impending separation to be bitter as death, and determined to take her own life by fastings. Rama, however, spoke to her of duty to her aged husband, who would surely die of grief were she to kill herself. Lakshman, whose spirits had not been tempered by meditation, and who had not the share of divinity that was Rama's choicest attribute, was in favour of rebellion, even to the extent of slaying his father if the decree were not repealed; and although in deference to Rama's noble words he desisted from this purpose, he was by no means convinced that submission was the proper course to follow.

It was now Rama's painful task to say farewell to Sita, his wife, whom he must leave, to wander through trackless forests, a prince disinherited. He counselled her to respect and obey Bharat; to love and comfort Kausalya: 'Dearest Sita! we are doomed to part, for I must pass lonely years in the forest. It is my father's will; he is bound by promise and is forced to yield to Kaikeyi, who demands that Bharat shall be king and Rama an exiled hermit. When I am gone, Sita, do these things for my sake: obey my brother, be brave in your sorrow and comfort my mother, Kausalya: show love also to Kaikeyi. Keep vigils at the dawn of every day and pray for blessings from the gods. We must part now, gentle Sita. Farewell!'

Sita, sweet and gentle though she was, had quite other conceptions of her duty in the case. She

waived all thoughts of comfort in a palace while her lord would be facing danger and death.

‘Does my husband speak the words of Rama? And will he, though banished, forsake his wedded wife? Nay, I accept not such counsel, for it is not meet from the lips of a prince and a warrior. The faithful woman will go with her husband to the uttermost parts of the earth. The wife’s estate is not to be guided by thoughts of sires, or sons, or brothers; her fate is that of her lord. If, then, Rama goes forward into the thicket, Sita shall go first to make his path smooth. Therefore, reject all fears on my account. The wife makes her home by her husband’s side and clings to him as the shadow to the substance. I fear nothing with thee, for matchless is Rama’s skill. Together we shall wander over hills and through glades, threading the narrow way across the forest and swimming the pellucid stream. Thus shall we spend the years in peace and happiness.’

GANDY.

EXERCISES

PART I

1. (i) The lesson is particularly rich in apt words and effective phrases such as:—Pinnacle of glory, relinquish, allegiance, vigil, light-heartedness, shrouded, dealt falsely by, in the light of, course is run, find true expression, heart stood still. Explain their meanings.

(ii) Oh! That I should need to entreat . . . What is the feeling expressed here? Similar expressions are more common in poetry.

2. Point out the appropriateness of the title ‘The Great Intrigue.’

3. Dasa-ratha gradually *relinquished* the cares of State. Rama *assumed* many of the active duties of a sovereign. Note the contrary meaning of the *verbs*. Find out words opposite in meaning to:—Inferior, success, happiness, calm, gentle.

4. Put in direct form the last paragraph on page 36.

PART II

1. Collect the words and phrases that strike you as most effective; use these in your own sentences.

2. Several words like:—Thou, dire, clad, meet, are not used in ordinary prose but are however used here, in narrating a classical tale.

3. Compare the behaviour of Rama and Lakshman, Kaikeyi and Kausalya—in times of disappointment.

4. Write in indirect narration, noting the sequences of tenses, any speech of Dasa-ratha.

8. ESKIMO CHILDREN

PART I

OUR next story will be about children who live in a far-off land. We shall find that, wherever they live, children are happy, and love fun and play in much the same way as they do in our own land.

Now as most of us cannot go to this far-off land, we must let our fancy take us there. Let us therefore visit the children who live in the cold, cold North. There the ground is frozen for the greater part of the year; and there the sun shines for only a few weeks.

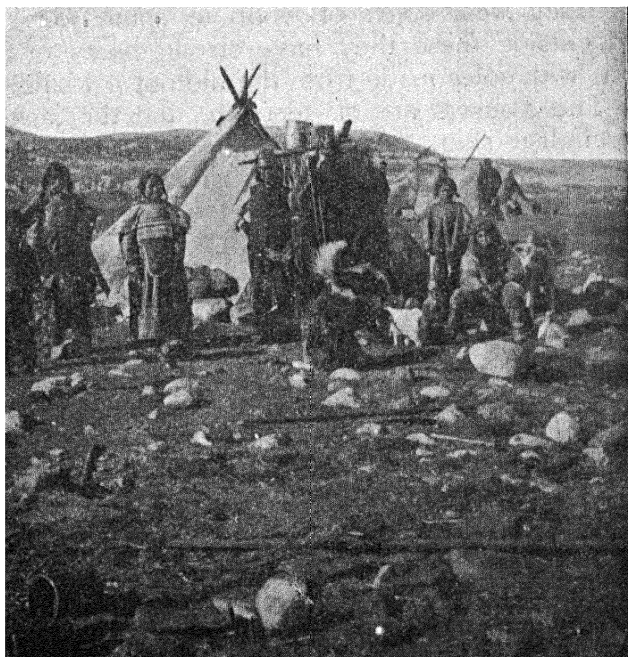
These little folks are called Eskimos, and their skin is rather yellow. Their houses are snug, but not at all like ours, for they are made of blocks of snow, and are shaped something like a beehive. Near the snow-huts, holes are dug in the ground, and through these openings the little Eskimos crawl to get into their homes.

Inside the snow-huts, the air is very smoky, for there is no chimney to let out the smoke from the burning oil, which gives heat to the place.

The little children get very dirty, and they are not often washed, as it is not easy to get water in that frozen land. Sometimes the babies are washed by their mothers in the same way as a cat washes her kittens.

The little Eskimos do not get their food as we do. Often they must go without anything to eat for a long time; and then, perhaps the father

brings home a seal for them to enjoy. How glad they must be to get a good bowl of seal soup for their supper, after being without food for some days.



Photo, Underwood & Underwood

ESKIMOS IN SUMMER

Eskimo children like toys just as boys and girls in our country. The boys play with toys made out of ivory such as little whales, seals, and reindeer. The girls have ivory dolls, dressed in mouse skin, and you may be sure they are very fond of these pretty playthings.

Now, perhaps, you will want to know how the little children dress, so that they may keep warm. The boys have long stockings of reindeer skin, and the hairy side is next to the body. Over the stockings they wear socks of wool, or some soft skin; and outside these they have strong boots of seal-skin, with soles made from the hide of a whale.

The trousers are of deerskin, and the jacket is of reindeer skin. A warm hood is on this jacket, so that it can be drawn over the head, when the boy goes out in the cold.

PART II

OF course the little Eskimos play outside their huts. The children can kick a ball of snow or ice into the air again and again, without touching it with their hands. Sometimes they get a blanket of hide, and toss a boy up in the air. He must keep on his feet all the time, and not tumble about in the blanket.

Then, too, they love to slide downhill, and see who can get first to the bottom. Perhaps the little boys will double themselves up like balls of fur, and roll over and over, one after the other, down the hill. You may guess what a shouting is made, and what fun they have.

When the long dark evenings come, father and mother, boys and girls, sit round the smoky oil lamps and tell stories. All kinds of fairy tales are told, and true stories of brave deeds in catching white bears and other fierce beasts. Besides telling stories, they also love to dance and sing, and so pass away many a long evening.

As the Eskimo boy grows older, he has some pets. Now what do you think they are? Well, they are pretty little puppies something like baby wolves. These Eskimo dogs have sharp noses and coats of fur. They are very cunning, but grow to like their little master. At night, they creep under the blankets of his bed, and sleep with their master, whom they keep quite warm.



ESKIMO DOGS AND SLEDGE

As each birthday comes round, the little boy gets two more puppies, until at last he has a team of ten or twelve dogs. Then his mother makes

some reins to fasten to their necks, and the boy puts them in a sledge, so that he may ride over the frozen snow.

The Eskimo dogs are fed only once in two days, and, if food is scarce, perhaps not so often. They have to shift for themselves, but no doubt they find some fish, or seals, or reindeer moss. You will thus see that the Eskimo dogs have to work hard, for in winter they draw the sledges and in summer they carry heavy packs from place to place.

One day you will read more about the Eskimo boys, who do very much to help their fathers. They soon learn how to fish and shoot, and paddle in little canoes, or kayaks, as they call them. When an Eskimo boy has his first kayak, his mother calls together his little friends, and, as a great treat, she gives them all a dish of seal-blood soup.

We can fancy how pleased the Eskimo boy is when he enters his own boat for the first time. He thinks himself a man, and no longer a child. He is very proud, for now he feels he will be able to shoot the seals, and so get his own food.

EXERCISES

1. The lesson is to be made living with the aid of pictures of Eskimo country and its animals. Correlate with geography also.
2. Arrange the ideas in the lesson, in order, as has been done in lesson 7.
3. Write (a) three or four paragraphs describing all you see in the picture. (b) An essay on the 'Eskimo Dog'.

4. Draw up a list of the games played by the Eskimo children. Which of them are peculiar to their country.

5. (i) True stories of brave deeds in *catching* wild bears are told.

(ii) Besides *telling* stories they love to dance and sing. What parts of speech are the italicized words. Parse them.

9. THE TWO FRIENDS OF SYRACUSE—

B. C. 380

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

THE Pythagoreans were bound together in a brotherhood, with common religious observances and pursuits of science, especially mathematics and music. And they were taught to restrain their passions, especially that of anger, and to endure with patience all kinds of suffering; believing that such self-restraint brought them nearer to the gods, and that death would set them free from the prison of the body. The souls of evil-doers would, they thought, pass into the lower and more degraded animals, while those of good men would be gradually purified, and rise to a higher existence. This was a real religion, in as much as it gave a rule of life, with a motive for striving for wisdom and virtue.

Two friends of this Pythagorean sect lived at Syracuse, in the end of the fourth century before the Christian era. Syracuse was a great Greek city, built in Sicily, and full of all kinds of Greek art and learning; but it was a place of danger in their time, for it had fallen under the tyranny of a man of strange and capricious temper, though of great abilities, namely Dionysius. He is said to have been originally only a clerk in a public office, but his talents raised him to continually higher situations, and at length, in a great war with the Carthaginians, who had many settlements in Sicily, he became

General of the army, and then found it easy to establish his power over the city.

This power was not according to the laws, for Syracuse, like most other cities, ought to have been governed by a council of magistrates ; but Dionysius was an exceedingly able man, and made the city much more rich and powerful, he defeated the Carthaginians, and rendered Syracuse by far the chief city in the island, and he contrived to make every one so much afraid of him that no one durst attempt to overthrow his power. He was a good scholar, and very fond of philosophy and poetry, and he delighted to have learned men around him, and he had naturally a generous spirit ; but the sense that he was in a position that did not belong to him, and that every one hated him for assuming it, made him very harsh and suspicious. It is of him that the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might over-hear the conversation of his captives ; and of him, too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that on hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word, and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses, delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music ; but with a sword with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horsehair ! This was to show the condition in which a usurper lived !

Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a draw-

bridge that he drew up and put down with his own hands ; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young daughters shave him ; but by-and-by he would not trust them with a razor, and cause them to singe off his beard with hot nut-shell ! He was said to have put a man named Antiphon to death for answering him, when he asked what was the best kind of brass, 'That of which the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton were made.' These were the two Athenians who had killed the sons of Pisistratus the tyrant, so that the jest was most offensive, but its boldness might have gained forgiveness for it. One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to a dungeon for finding fault with his poetry, but he afterwards composed another piece, which he thought so superior, that he could not be content without sending for this adverse critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment ; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly, 'Carry me back to prison.' This time Dionysius had the sense to laugh, and forgive his honesty.

All these stories may not be true ; but that they should have been current in the ancient world shows what was the character of the man of whom they were told, how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was incurred. Among those who came under it was a Pythagorean called Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favour to be allowed to return

thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, another Pythagorean, by name Damon, came forward, and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging if Pythias did not return according to promise, to suffer death in his stead.

Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marvelling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend's truth and honour, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect, that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who had left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias' own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his

sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

Even the dim hope they owned of a future state was enough to make these two brave men keep their word, and confront death for each other without quailing. Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment-seat, he entreated them to admit him as a third in their friendship.

YONGE.

EXERCISES

1. Compare the belief of the Pythagoreans with the doctrine of *Karma* of the Hindus. Which of their doctrines contributed most to an upright and honest life?
2. What effect does the break in the narration (by way of describing the nature of Dionysius) produce on the story?
3. Note the meaning of:—Engaging; answer for; issue. In what other senses can they be used?
4. Napoleon and Dionysius rose from humble circumstances to higher situation. Examine how they did so.
5. Write an imaginary conversation between Dionysius and Pythias, showing how the latter got permission to go to Greece.

10. A FAMOUS VOLCANO, OR THE STORY OF VESUVIUS

A LONG way from our country is a very beautiful city, which is called Naples. Some people think it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It stands on a charming bay, whose water is very blue. Behind the city are some high mountains, which have snow on their peaks for many months in the year.

The cliffs have all kinds of plants growing on them; and outside the town there are groves of oranges, vineyards, and gardens bright with flowers of all colours. The climate is soft and balmy, and the sky has no clouds. Everything is so charming at Naples, that there is a saying in Italy, 'See Naples and die.'

Now we cannot stop to describe Naples, for we are going to read about a wonderful hill that is just outside Naples. This hill is a volcano, and is named Vesuvius. Some people call a volcano a burning mountain. This is not quite right, for it does not burn as a fire burns. It is really a pipe or chimney, through which hot stones and other things are thrown from below.

In many ways Vesuvius is the best known volcano in the world, and you will often hear about it, and the damage it has worked. The picture will show you its shape, which is something like a sugar-loaf. But you may as well be told at once

that the sides of this volcano are only a heap of molten matter that has been piled up, little by little, outside the pipe, or chimney, which goes far into the earth.

Many hundreds of years ago Vesuvius was as peaceful as any hill in our country is to-day. No one ever thought it possible that it would burst out in fire and smoke. But Vesuvius was once a sleeping volcano, and vines were growing over the sides of the crater, or hole at the top.

People were living quite close to Vesuvius, more than two thousand years ago, just as they are to-day. The first notice they had that Vesuvius was a volcano came about in this way. There were many noises from the ground, which shook and opened in large cracks; and at last, after sixteen years of this grumbling, Vesuvius burst forth in all its might.

A clever man named Pliny, who lived at that time, has told us all about this great outbreak. One fine day in summer a cloud of strange shape and size was hanging over the mountain. This cloud had the form of a great pine-tree; and since then the same sort of cloud is often seen when Vesuvius is going to send out fire and lava.

This man watched and soon saw a volume of steam, with ashes and stones, shoot up into the clouds. Of course, the stones and ashes fell down in showers, and so strange was the sight that he thought he would go nearer and get a better view. In doing this, however, he ran a great risk, and we know that his uncle lost his life.

Now what do you think he saw? Of course, we cannot give his full account, but, perhaps, one day

you will read it for yourselves. He saw showers of ashes, and red-hot stones; he saw the land opening and closing; and he saw the sea going away from the shore, as if it would not return.

So vast was the mass of ashes and stones, that several cities near by were buried beneath them, and many thousands of people lost their lives. Since then, Vesuvius has often sent out steam, ashes, stones, and fire; but this was, perhaps, the worst outbreak of this volcano.

If you go to Vesuvius to-day, you will find houses at the base, and vines and olives growing on its sides. The soil is very rich, and the people seem to have no fear of the volcano.

As you get to the crater, it is found that the ground is very hot. You cannot keep your foot on the same spot for many seconds. Look between the chinks of the stones, and you can see that it is red-hot. Put in your stick, and it is soon on fire.

Now look over the edge of the crater, and you see into a deep, deep pit, filled with masses of steam. The wind blows these clouds on one side, and then is seen the red glow of the burning lava. You will not want to stay there long, and will be only too glad to go down the mountain, into the pleasant groves outside the beautiful city of Naples.

EXERCISES

1. From an account of Vesuvius what do you learn about the interior of the earth? Do volcanoes, like this, exist elsewhere? How do you account for the 'Grumb-ling'?

2. Can you name one of several cities that were buried 2,000 years ago and dug out recently?

60 SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE

3. Distinguish clearly between, hill, mountain, cliff and peak.

4. Study the description of Naples:—and describe in simple English your own village or town, or a town near a hill.

5. (i) People were living *quite* close to Vesuvius.

(ii) *Since* then Vesuvius has often sent out steam, etc.

(iii) After sixteen years of this *grumbling*, Vesuvius burst forth.

(iv) People seem to have *no* fear of the Volcano.

Parse the words italicized in the above.

6. You will only be *too* glad to go down . . . What is the force of *too*? Learn the other uses of the word.

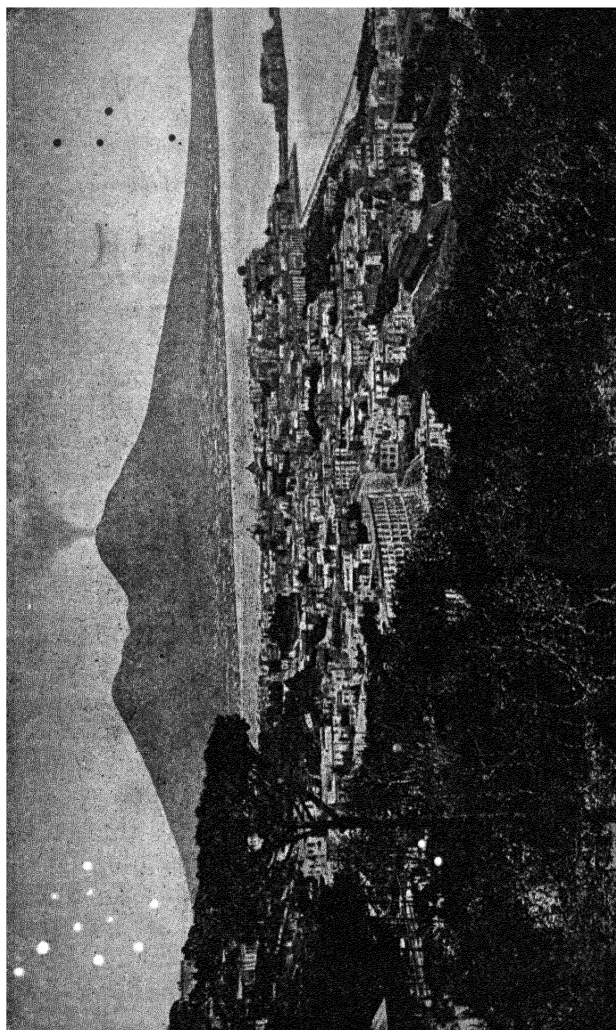


Photo The Photochrom Co. Ltd

BAY OF NAPLES, ITALY

II. THE KING'S DEATH

At Ayodhya—The Curse of Dasa-ratha—His Death—Meeting of the Brothers

THE evening of the arrival at the Peak of Beauty bore sad memories to those who remained at Ayodhya, and upon Dasa-ratha particularly a cloud had descended. An old wrong now weighed upon his mind and, as he pondered, he concluded that his recent misfortunes were part of a plan of retribution which the gods had destined should overtake him.

The pall of midnight descended silently over the palace, as Dasa-ratha, rapidly weakening, was conversing with Kausalya on the thoughtless actions of youth which often bear most serious results in after life.

'My life, Oh, Kausalya,' said the aged monarch, 'has been withered by one of my youthful deeds. I was famed for my skill with the bow and arrow and could shoot by sound. Proud of this, I went out alone in my car by the river side to hunt, hoping to take a buffalo or an elephant as it came to quench its thirst. As I stalked patiently at the outskirts of the forest, I suddenly heard a splashing of water and believing this to be caused by an animal hidden from view by the reeds, I shot at the fancied elephant.

'How terrible was the cry that mounted on the light breeze! Death was fold in that wail, with all the horror of the midnight shriek. My weapons dropped from my grasp, and in terror I hastened to

the shore, where I saw a boy with his locks dressed after the manner of a hermit, and his water pitcher lay neglected at his side.

'The boy directed me to the hermitage where his aged parents sat waiting his return with the water, and begged me to withdraw the shaft from his side before going.

'I did so ; and the boy died.

'Then I completed his errand, and took the filled pitcher to the priest and his wife who, I saw, were blind. The priest, thinking I was his son, welcomed me, although he chided me for being absent longer than usual, because my mother, he said, was in need of the water.

'I scarcely could find words to address them ; I could hardly bear to look upon them. But at last, with quivering voice, I imparted the dreadful story and begged the priest to pronounce my penance or mercifully pardon my unwitting deed.

'They asked, and I led them to the place, where they mourned grievously by the dead boy, meanwhile performing the funeral rites, and preparing the pyre for the burning of the body.

'With anguished tears the hermit spoke my doom : "The greatest sorrow of the parent is to weep for his son, and as you see us weep now, Dasa-ratha, so shall you weep for a righteous son in years that are far in the future."

'With that the sightless pair walked into the pyre and there perished with their son, the flower of their life, which I, unhappy archer, had despoiled.

'And now, Kausalya, after many years the doom has come. Rama and Lakshman, faithful and dutious sons, can you forgive me ! Ah, Kaikeyi !'

With blessings upon Kausalya and Sumitra, Dasa-ratha relieved his breast of the curse, and after a brief space he died.

Vasishtha guided the helm of state during the next few days and sent an envoy hastily to bid Bharat and Satrughna return. The prince himself was not without forebodings of evil by reason of haunting dreams : and even as he was speaking of these visions the messengers entered. No sooner was the news heard than preparations were made for departure.

Bharat found the city of Ayodhya unusually quiet, and he entered unnoticed, surprised to observe signs of neglect in the untidy streets and sadness in the eyes of the people. Arrived at the palace he embraced his mother, Kaikeyi ; next he enquired how his father fared.

When he heard, it was vain for Kaikeyi to attempt to comfort him ; but when she recounted the fate of Rama, nothing could prevent his outburst of rage against his mother.

Kausalya sent for Bharat and at first accused him of scheming to bring about the dethronement of Rama, but his frank avowals at once convinced her that he was guiltless.

Manthara had been richly rewarded by the traitress for her share in the plot ; and when the princes saw her glorying in her jewels they despised her, and the younger of them beat her till Bharat interposed.

The people came and asked Bharat to assume the regal power, but he protested it would be more fitting to take an army and search for Rama and restore him to the throne, and to this the people agreed. Straightway numbers of men were arrayed

and many of the citizens followed. With Sumantra's help Rama's journey was traced. Guha, king of the tribe that guarded the Ganges, when he was assured the errand was peace, assisted the host across ; and in due time they came to the hermit, who directed them to the Peak of Beauty. There Bharat halted the army and, accompanied by Sumantra and Guha, advanced to find his brothers.

Now the wild animals lived in peace, such was the virtue of Rama, but at the approach of so great an army many of the birds screamed and the animals grew restive. To discover the reason of this unwonted disturbance Lakshman climbed a tree, and from the eminence observed the army of Bharat. Fearing that he had come to slay Rama and thus make the throne quite secure, Lakshman swore that he would slay both Bharat and Kaikeyi and the mountain sides should be purple with blood.

Rama, however, calmed him, saying he believed Bharat had not come but in peace.

Looking round, Bharat saw the cottage in the shade of a feathered palm tree ; the floor was spread with kusa grass, while the strong bows, with their gold pencilling and full quivers, hung upon the walls. Close by were the golden scabbards and swords, and the shields bossed with rings of gold. The altar fire was alight and in calm contemplation Rama sat, his lion-like shoulders contrasting strangely with his eyes which were beaming with gentleness.

'Is this the prince,' said Bharat, 'who is fit to rule the world? Is he now dressed in raiment of bark-shreds who ought to be the brightness of Ayodhya?' And he bowed his head in sorrow.

Rama recognized the features of his brother in spite of their haggard aspect, and in silence the three brothers embraced.

'What has caused you to come hither from bright Ayodhya, Bharat?' asked Rama. 'Is it our father's command? Is all well with the aged monarch?'

Rama went on to enquire as to the health of the queens and the conduct of the kingdom, and wished Bharat every joy of his realm.

At last with tears, Bharat told them how Dasa-ratha had died of grief soon after Rama's departure. 'My father's councillors,' he continued, 'wait your appearing, and I come as a slave to implore you to return and rule the realm.'

EXERCISES

1. Bring out the force or the appropriateness of the words italicized in:—*weighed* upon his mind; the *pall* of midnight; *thoughtless* action; the *flower* of their life; *mounted* on the light breeze; *relieved* his breast; *outburst* of rage; *feathered* palm trees; gold *pencilling*; *lionlike* shoulders; *beaming* with gentleness.

2. (i) Compare the behaviour of Kaikeyi and Bharat after Dasa-ratha's death.

(ii) Write a short account of Dasa-ratha's curse.

3. (i) Write down the adverbial clauses on pages 63 and 64 and state to which class each belongs.

(ii) *Proud of this*, I went out alone in my car to hunt. The boy begged me to withdraw the shaft *before going*. Change the italicized phrases into clauses.

4. Note the difference in the shades of meaning of:—came, advanced; wail, shriek; drawing and pencilling.

12. THE MOON-LORD

FOR many years past, the people had come from all parts of India to do homage to the Moon-lord. The Hindu temple in which the great idol was enshrined was one of the finest temples in the land and one of the richest. From the white walls, shaded by giant trees on the hill-sides, flights of marble steps led down to the blue waters of the Arabian Sea. The priests used to tell the wondering pilgrims that the waters of the sea rose and fell, bowing low in never-ceasing homage to the great Moon-lord.

But the day came when the priests were far too worried and upset to imagine stories about the sea or tell them to the pilgrims. In fact, very few pilgrims had climbed the marble steps of late. Those who had come had all brought the same startling piece of news. The King Mahmud, they said, the dreaded king of Afghanistan, was marching south with a big army, a bigger army than he had ever had before, and he was even then on his way across the great desert and intended to seize the temple of the Moon-lord and all the wealth of the land.

‘I have no fear,’ said one old priest who had been there many years. ‘Fifteen times and more has this Mahmud marched down upon India, from his northern land, plundering even as a robber ; but never once has he come as far as this. It would be folly indeed to bring a great army through the desert of Sind.’

But the next message to arrive brought further news. He had come from the royal city itself, where preparations were on foot to defend the kingdom against the enemy. The king had got together a great army. The women had sold their jewels and melted down their gold ornaments to provide arms for the soldiers, and princes from all the country round were coming in with more troops.

‘But,’ the traveller added in a lower tone, ‘rumour says that Mahmud has made a vow that he will seize the temple of the Moon-lord, for he has heard of the great wealth that is stored within its walls.’

‘Yet,’ answered one who was standing by, ‘it is said that his wealth is so great already that his greyhounds, of which he has more than four hundred, wear collars set with jewels and coats fringed with pearls.’

‘Be he rich or poor, it matters not,’ said the old priest; ‘he will never succeed in robbing the Moon-lord. The walls of the temple are strong and the Moon-lord is powerful.’ ‘But,’ he asked again, ‘how will Mahmud bring his great army across the desert of Sind?’

‘Who knows?’ replied the messenger. ‘It is said that many are dying of thirst and that some have gone raving mad in the terrible heat, but that once Mahmud has made up his mind he never changes it, and moreover that he has enough men and to spare.’

‘The Moon-lord will not suffer his temple to be destroyed,’ said the old priest, and, sighing contentedly, he gazed at the placid waters of the sea.

But the rest of the occupants of the temple set to work with all speed to prepare for a possible siege.

It was none too soon, for Mahmud with his army marched through the land as he had often marched before through other parts of India, conquering, killing and destroying, and carrying off all the wealth on which he could lay hands. Men who had come out to fight turned back in terror and fled before him. One, a friend of the old priests on the hillside by the sea, brought the news of the capture of the royal city to the temple of the Moon-lord.

'There is no time to be lost,' he cried, 'for the Afghan king is even now marching with all speed to seize the temple.'

'The walls are strong and the Moon-lord is powerful. The armies of the Afghan shall be defeated,' said the old priest.

'The priest's words are true words,' answered the people, and they fell on their faces before the great idol.

Before another day had passed, the Afghan army was surrounding the temple on every side save that on which the marble steps led down to the water's edge.

A herald sent by the priests proclaimed, so that many could hear his words, that the great Moon-lord would and could vanquish every foe who dared to attack the sacred temple.

For two long days the priests behind the fortified wall fought bravely, and princes from the country round brought their troops to help and defend the temple.

On the third day Mahmud the Afghan began to think he might be defeated after all. He sprang

from his horse and cast himself upon the ground calling on Allah and his prophet. With wild shrieks, his men, seeing their leader on his knees in prayer, rushed forward sweeping all before them, battering down the Hindu soldiers round the temple walls, and bursting like a flood through the gates that fell before their blows.

‘Khuda-hé. Khuda-hé,’ they cried. (‘There is a God!’)

‘The Moon-lord, the Moon-lord,’ shouted the old priest, shaking in every limb. He stood in the darkened inner temple before the precious image. The other priests gathered round him, for they had thought of a plan by which their idol could be saved. When at last King Mahmud strode in upon them, the old priest came forward tremblingly and offered a great sum of money to the invader, if he would but leave them the image of the Moon-lord.

But King Mahmud¹ answered scornfully : ‘Nay, I am no seller of idols but a breaker of idols.’ And raising his iron club, he smashed the image in two with one tremendous blow.

For a moment it seemed as though blood streamed out upon the floor, but it was not so, for the Moon-lord was made of gilded wood and nothing more. Those deep red drops were no drops of blood, but great crimson rubies of untold value that had been stored away inside the idol. No wonder that it is written in the pages of Indian History that the wealth which Mahmud the Afghan found in that temple of the Hindus was more than any royal treasury had ever before contained. As to the

¹ Mahmud, 1027 A.D.

priests, when they saw their idol was broken and their treasure gone, they crept away down the steps to the boat, and escaped to a place of safety on the other side of the water.

ROE.

EXERCISES

1. Note how the fiery enthusiasm of the troops of Mahmud are echoed in the words of the sentence beginning with—‘With wild shrieks. . . .’

2. Explain:—Sweeping all before them; battering down the soldiers; streamed out on the floor; crept away; strode in; bursting like a flood.

3. Word building:—

Prefix *en* for formation of verbs.

En-shrine

En-circle

En-danger

En-close

En-feeble

En-gulf

Sometimes *de* = dis = not.

Prefix *de* = down

De-fend

De-pend

De-duce

De-precate

De-lete

Decentralize

De-throne.

4. Learn the uses of ‘*it*’.

13. THE BRITISH FLAG, OR THE UNION JACK AND WHAT IT MEANS

MOST boys and girls like flags, and little children are very fond of carrying them about. Now, each country in the world has its own flag, and of this the people are very proud.

A flag means a great deal, and so we must not only think of it as a piece of silk or linen. It is far more than that, for it stands for the land to which we belong. And the British Empire is the land which we are proud to love and to serve.

Sometimes you will see the flag flying from a big tower, or from some other building in your town. Then it tells you to think of the king's birthday, it may be, or of some other great event.

There are days, however, when the flag does not fly from the top of the flag-staff. Sometimes it is only run up half-mast high, and then we know that something sad has taken place. Perhaps some great man or woman is dead, and the flag bids us mourn.

A ship is sometimes in need of help when she is out at sea. Then the flag flies upside down, and this means that the ship is in great distress.

You will now see that our flag has many uses, and that it is quite right for us all to honour our flag, because it belongs to our empire. You know that our King George V. sets us a good example in many ways. He is proud of our flag, and he is

also very careful to show that he thinks a great deal of the flags of other countries.

A few years ago his father, King Edward VII., went to Portugal, which you know is a little country that joins Spain. When he landed at Lisbon, it was very wet and muddy. So the good people laid down some carpet for him to walk over. But just at the last moment it was found that the strip of carpet was too short for this purpose.

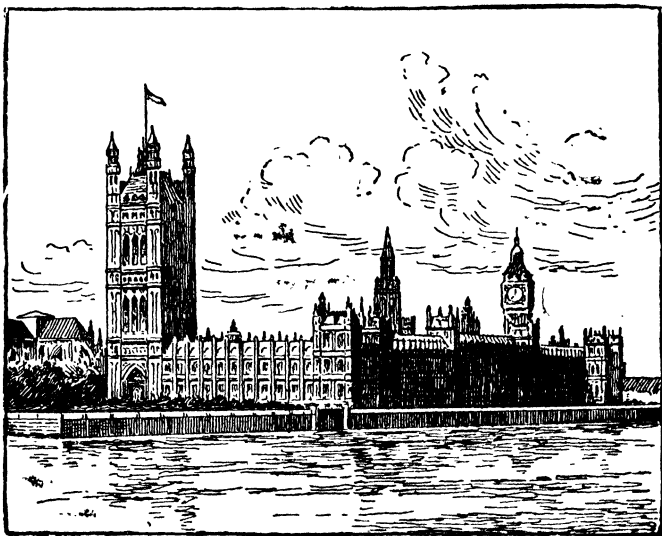


Photo F. Firth & Co

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER

Very quickly the people laid down a large flag so that the King should not have to step in the mud. But when the King saw that it was the flag of the country, he stepped off in the mud rather than trample upon it.

This story just tells us to honour our flag ; and perhaps you will think a good deal more about our flag when you see it flying from the mast of a ship, or from some big tower or from the Town Hall.

We call our flag the Union Jack. It has been the flag of Britain for very many years, and it will be the flag of our children. We ought, therefore, to know what is on it, and what it means.

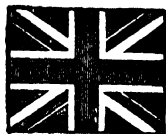
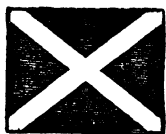
You know that Britain, the centre of the Empire, is made up of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Each of these countries has its own cross, and on the Union Jack you will see there are three crosses. Perhaps you will think there ought to be four crosses. At present Wales has not its cross on the Union Jack, but one day you may see it on our flag. Then we shall have four crosses, one for each country.

Look at the Union Jack, and you will find that the three crosses of England, Scotland, and Ireland are there. First of all there is the red cross of St. George, who is the great English saint. At one time this red cross was worn by every English soldier.

Next you will find the white cross, on a blue ground, of St. Andrew, and he is the great saint of Scotland. Last of all you will notice the red cross of St. Patrick, whom the Irish take for their chief saint.

Thus you see that each of the three countries has a cross, but each of the crosses is of a different shape. The three crosses being placed on the Union Jack means that the three countries have one king, and that all the people in those countries obey that king.

You may like to know that St. David is the Welsh saint, and he is said to have been uncle to the great King Arthur.



Every child should be pleased to know that this Union Jack is not only the flag of the British Isles, but also of the great British Empire. What that means you will learn as you grow older; but you now know enough about the meaning of the flag of our Empire.

EXERCISES

1. On what occasions do you generally see the flag fly and in what fashion?
2. Study the phrases:—Stands for the land; made up of.
3. Note how the meanings of verbs are changed according to the prepositions following them:—
 - (a) run up; run down; run off; run over; run through; run after.
 - (b) Look at; look down; look out; look to; look after; look for.

14. SOHRAB MEETS HIS FATHER

[Rustem, the famous Persian Hercules was noted for his victory over the white dragon. He was the son of Zal, prince of Sedjestan. During a hunt in Turan losing his famous horse Ruksh, he goes to the city of Samagan to recover his steed. There he marries the daughter of the king and before a child is born he leaves the country. Fearing separation from her child the mother passes off her son Sohrab for daughter. Sohrab thus grew up to be a great warrior unknown to his father Rustem whom he was ever anxious to meet. The following story is an account of their first meeting.]

THE unhappy Sohrab, weary of the fruitless search for his father, turned his mind to thoughts of conquest. He remembered Zende and hastened to make good his vow. He put on his jointed armour, and, with gleaming javelin in hand, he guided the dashing steed across the vacant plain. His cheeks glowed, his eyes shone, as he rode straight into the midst of the Persian host. Chief after chief he passed, and all gave way, like wild asses from a lion's claws, until he halted by the king's tent.

Sohrab challenged the king to combat, 'Why are you called Kaikous, the king, seeing that you are afraid to fight? What kingly task have you performed? Why have you pitched your tent in a battle-field yet hide away like a fox? You and your warriors are fated to die in their thousands to-day; and this lance of mine is thirsty for your coward blood. I took an oath, O king, a just revenge to

take for Zende's shrieking blood. My hate shall not be quenched till your life has paid the debt. Have you a champion? Where are Tus, Giw, and Gudarz; and where is the unconquered Rustem?'

No man dared answer, least of all the king, and Sohrab, with a giant's strength, coursed round the royal pavilion and threw it to the ground.

Kous felt that the end of his life had come. Himself insulted, his bodyguard paralysed with fright, he could think only of sending for Rustem. Accordingly this message was sent, 'My warriors are pale with fear of this triumphant Turk, and their souls are withered that they dare not fight him.'

Now Rustem had not intended to fight that day, and replied, 'Wherever this empty-headed Kous goes, misfortune follows him. Moreover, other kings used to call me to the council and the feast, but when King Kous sends for me it is always to the battle. To-day some other chief must fight this Tartar, and I will take his place if he is overthrown.'

Kous then sent Tus, who told Rustem all that Sohrab had done. Going to the door of his tent, he saw the spreading disorder and decided to go. Some placed the saddle on Raksh; another fastened the club to the saddle-bow; Tus ran and secured the buckles of the skin which covered the horse, and Rustem said within himself, 'Whoever he be that leads the Tartars, whether human or Demon, he has struck terror into the hearts of the stoutest Persians.'

He armed himself in the leopard skin and the broad plates of iron, and round his waist shone the

girdle which the king had given him. He mounted and set out, accompanied by his brother and his nobles bearing the dragon-banners aloft.

Soon he came near Sohrab. The splendid chest and limbs reminded him of the mighty San, and in his heart of hearts he loved Sohrab. Beckoning, he said, 'Come over towards me and I will leave my soldiers and meet you.'

Sohrab joyfully rushed from his line saying, 'Let us two fight apart from our soldiers, and let us call no one to our aid! You are brave and tall, yet you bear the burden of years. It cannot be otherwise than that I should conquer.'

Rustem, with pity in his eyes, looked on the young man and said, 'Why do you boast to me? How many battle-fields have you seen? I am, as you say, old, therefore I am a practised warrior. The White Demon and all his hosts fell to my sword, and no living thing can escape me. But earth is cold. Sweet and pleasing is the healthful air. Wherefore shouldst thou seek thy grave, tender youth that thou art? No Persian youth compares to thee: why shouldst thou be slain? I should be loth to harm you. Leave the Tartars, come to my palace, be my son, and win glory beneath my banners.'

As Sohrab heard the generous words spoken without the slightest boast, he felt sure that the majestic form of Rustem stood before him, like a lonely tower in the desert. When he marked the gray hairs streaking the raven black, he hoped his search was ended. Running forward he knelt down at Rustem's knees and clasped his hand in his own and said, 'By the truth which the warrior owes to

his kind, art thou not Rustem, the son of White-haired Zal?’

Rustem turned his glance aside and distrust filled his mind. He thought, ‘What has this fox in his head? • If I tell him I am Rustem he will gain glory from this meeting. He will not join me, neither will he fight; then, when he returns to the distant lands of Tartary, he will boast at the feast saying, “In the camp by the river Oxus in my first youth, I challenged the Persians. But Rustem only could be found to answer, and he and I gave gifts; and we, the equal champions of the world, parted at peace.” And then his nobles will applaud, and through me all the Persian heroes will be shamed.’ Again he turned to the kneeling youth, ‘I am not Rustem. I have no claim to merit such as his. If you saw Rustem’s face you would fly. I have come out to take your challenge, and, boastful boy, you must yield to me or, ere long, your bones shall lie bleaching in the desert wind.’

Sohrab sprang to his feet, his heart full of heaviness and wonder at his mother’s words. He proudly answered, “You are right to say that if Rustem were here there would be no combat, but you have come out instead, and you try to frighten me as if I were a girl. We cannot foretell the victory. It sways this way and that like a twig on the river wave, and at last rests on one side or the other.’

The combat began, in a narrow space. Rustem shook his lance and they attacked with that weapon. Loud were the incessant clangs on the shields, and soon the iron tips of the lances were worn off by the force of the blows. Throwing the

remains into the sand, they drew their Indian swords. The harness of the horses was cut into pieces, their mail was torn, and soon their swords were like great saws, so hacked were the edges. Discarding these useless weapons, each seized his club. Terrible were the blows. Blood and sweat poured on to the ground, and at length neither could continue the struggle. They lay on the ground panting for breath, their throats parched with the heat.

Strange that each had neglected the kindly feeling which suffused his heart on sight of the other! The beasts of the field know their kind, but how great can be human fury when it hides the father from the son!

Awhile they stood breathing, and Rustem said to himself, 'The struggle with the White Genius was play compared to this.'

Sohrab spoke gaily to Rustem, 'Let us use our bows and arrows when you are ready.'

But their strength and rapidity were matched; neither won the victory, and the ground was covered with the pointless feathered shafts. Next they wrestled. Rustem, whose grip could shake a mountain, was unable to stir Sohrab from the ground. Nor could Sohrab throw Rustem. They now turned to their clubs. Rustem struck one terrible stroke, but the nimble Sohrab sprang aside, and the crashing mace struck the dull earth and rebounded out of its wielder's hand. Rustem fell with the club and Sohrab's blow bruised the champion's shoulder. Rustem reeled, stunned by the crash.

Had Sohrab desired, it would have been easy to end the strife by killing the dazed adversary with his dagger. Rustem felt, but did not betray

the pain. Sohrab smiled and taunted the old warrior, 'You are not able to stand before a strong man, but it is only because you are old. You and I ought not to be matched in warfare. It is night-fall, let us begin again to-morrow. Meanwhile my sword is sharp enough for Kous to feel!'

Wheeling his horse, Sohrab rushed like a wolf upon the pavilion of Kous, and the Tartars followed. The Persians joined the battle and all was confusion. Rustem in revenge attacked Afrasiab's troops and the dry earth lapped up the Tartar blood. But remembering how Kous was exposed in his absence, the hero turned and rode to his own army. Seeing Sohrab he cried, 'Is this a truce? If still you wish to fight, fight me alone.' They agreed to the truce and departed, each to his own tent.

GANDY.

EXERCISES

1. 'His (Sohrab's) cheeks glowed . . . shone . . . why? Triumphant Turk how?
2. Explain:—shrinking blood, paid the debt, paralysed with fight, souls are withered, spreading disorder, to strike terror, practised warrior, lapped up the blood.
3. Note the difference in meaning of the following:—
He sprang to his feet—He rose to his feet; He reeled—He whirled; He gave way—He gave away.
4. (a) In what sense are, *host*, *betray*, *gaily*, *practised*, used here? In what other sense are they commonly used?
(b) Substitute a phrase for 'By the truth which . . . his kird'.
- (c) Pick out one or two fine similes from the lesson.
5. Dramatize: one taking the part of Sohrab and the other of Rustem.
6. Word building.—(a) Empty-headed. Dull-headed. Hot-headed. Light-headed.
(b) Over-throw. Over-do. Over-each. Over-flow.

15. EXERCISE AND PLAY

STUDENTS are familiar with the proverb that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Another way of putting the same idea is that one who devotes himself wholly to study and books and finds no time for recreation and exercise will find plenty of time to be sick and weaken his brain and body. The daily routine of life prescribed for a student by the religious books of the Hindus enjoined bodily exercise for him as part of his religious observances and daily ablutions. Yet in India not only have many young men of promise but even many elderly persons become either permanently weak and incapable of work, or have met with premature death because they neglected exercise and did not cultivate the art of rest and recreation in their youth.

A machine becomes useless if it is worked always without regular intervals of rest. The body of man is like a machine, and to keep it fit and reliable it must be strengthened by rest. Exercise is not only one kind of rest but the most important kind. I draw attention to the simile of the *Bhagavad Gita* comparing the human body to a field. Watch a peasant cultivating his farm. He ploughs and furrows it, and then casts in good seed. Then the peasant after having so toiled rests. The seed by Nature's process grows into corn and yields harvest. Similarly, the time devoted by a student to study and work is like the seed-time of the peasant. The time devoted to rest and exercise is

his harvest time. It is a totally wrong idea that a man can turn out good work by applying himself to it at the expense of his body. The mind soon gets tired if work and study are not varied with rest and recreation. Recreation, which means rest from work, means literally creating again and again. If a man goes on always using his mind for serious thought and work, without giving it rest, it ceases sooner or later to work properly. If, on the other hand, he works with his mind during stated hours and rests it by exercise of the body in the open air, he recuperates himself and it. Why is it that when we have applied our mind for some hours to some serious study, the mind grows tired and craves for rest, and refuses to work longer? Why it is that when a student tries to concentrate his mind upon some subject of study, his mind at once begins to wander? Sri Jnyaneshwara explains the cause of it. He says : 'God has created man both for work and for rest. What we call a wandering mind is merely a sign of its natural craving for rest. To rest after work is the privilege of man.' Rest contributes to man's happiness, when allied to work. Rest does not mean allowing the mind to be vacant. In the words of the poet Cowper :

Absence of occupation is not rest :

A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

Rest means so using the body as to give pleasure to the mind proceeding from variety of occupation or work. And exercise in the open air is also work, like study.

A student should therefore cultivate the habit of daily exercise either in the morning or in the evening.

Such exercise may be either a walk or sports, such as cricket, hockey, lawn-tennis, or other games, which bring the organs of the body into play and strengthen the brain and muscle.

How exhilarating is a quiet walk in the open fields, or meadows, or along a sea-shore or river! How healthy and happy it makes one to roam there, watching the morning sun as he comes out like a bridegroom out of the chambers of Heaven and bathes the world with his golden rays! How refreshing it is to watch the sunset colours of the sky. There are people who say a walk without a companion to talk to is dull. But even if one has no companion in a walk, one has the whole of Nature and its sounds and sights—the sky, the trees, birds and so forth—to be companions, if one will but use them with one's eyes and ears. They delight, never tire; they elevate our minds and humanize our hearts.

A young student should prefer the exercise of sports to that of a mere walk, because sports not only make and keep the body fit but they also contribute to a sportsmanlike spirit, which consists in the power of union, of the subordination of one's own self to the ends of the sport, of the discipline of self-control and fair play. Hence the proverb: *Play the game.* To *play the game* is to have the courage of truth, of patience, and of justice to others, to be able to smile and not whine and fret and not to make yourself miserable in face of defeat or difficulties. What if you fail in a game of cricket or lawn-tennis, or football? If you win you have gained your object. If you fail, though you have lost the game, you have, by playing, exercised

your mind and body and acquired the virtues of a personality—patience, courage, the spirit of fair play, and health. That is the virtue derived from sports—and what a blessing it is for a student to possess in life the capacity to endure defeat with a smile and never to say *fail*!

CHANDAVARKAR.

EXERCISES

1. Understand clearly the meaning of:—Premature, recreation, recuperate, concentrate, cultivate, exhilarate, refreshing, elevate, humanize, personality.
2. In what way is the exercise of sports superior to that of a walk?
3. What is your favourite sport? Write a paragraph about it.

16. TRADE AND COMMERCE

PART I

WE often hear it said that a shopkeeper does a good trade, or has a good business. At once we think of the many things he buys and sells, and we also call to mind that he makes a profit, or gains on the various goods he offers for sale.

Now just in the same way, only of course on a much larger scale, a country carries on a business. It is able to grow certain things, or make goods that are wanted by other people. These are either sold for money, or exchanged for various articles. This buying and selling by a country is called its trade and commerce, and the men who do the business are known as merchants.

In carrying on the trade and commerce of a country, the merchants need to have much knowledge of other lands. They must know the shortest, the quickest, and the cheapest ways to send their goods and they must also know about the ports to which their ships are going, if the journey is by sea.

We may say that there are two chief ways by which goods are sent from one place to another. They may be carried by land, or they may be sent by water. Of course it happens sometimes that the journey will be partly by land and partly by sea. As a rule it is much cheaper to send goods by sea than by land.

In the early days of the world's history, nearly all trade was by land. Caravans used to pass from one country to another; and even to-day, in Africa and the East, many caravans are still going the same way as they did thousands of years ago.



A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT

Now if you think about this way of carrying goods on the backs of camels, you will understand that it costs a great deal of money. Each animal wants feeding and looking after by men who have to be paid for their work ; and for a long journey the expense is very heavy.

For instance, every year a good deal of fine tea is carried overland from China to Russia. Look at the map and you will see what a long distance this is ; and then you will understand why this caravan tea costs as much as twenty shillings or fifteen rupees a pound.

You have already learnt that the Romans were once the chief people in Europe. They made good roads in all the countries they conquered ; and in Britain there are still many of the Roman roads running to all parts of the country. These roads were made partly for trade, and for hundreds of years it was quite common to send goods along them on the backs of mules or horses.

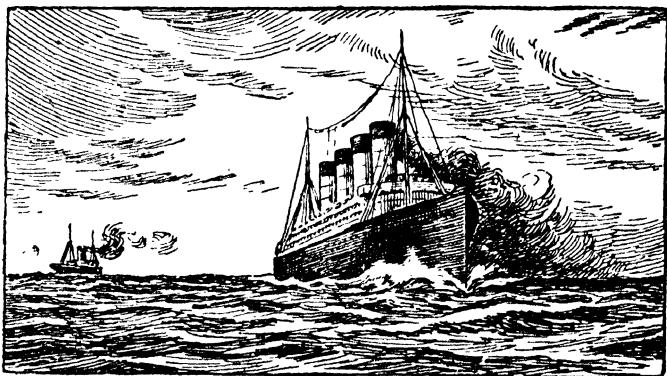
In course of time, men found out a quicker way of carrying goods and people. The steam engine was invented, and railroads were made. Journeys that once took days now take hours only, and of course the goods are carried more cheaply as well.

PART II

WHEN men first began sending goods by water, their boats or ships would keep close to shore, as they were afraid of going out to sea. Then men began to get more courage. They built bigger boats, and learned to steer them by looking at the stars. The early Phœnician sailors went from one end of the Mediterranean Sea to the other, and then made a voyage to Britain by this means.

After a time, the mariner's compass was used, which always pointed north, and then sailors felt safer, because they could steer where they liked, and made longer voyages. The first of these great voyages was made by Columbus, who went across the Atlantic Ocean to America.

Since that time, more than four hundred years ago, ships have been made bigger and swifter, but above all they use steam, so that they are no longer obliged to depend on the wind.



THE CUNARD LINER 'MAURETANIA'

It used to take weeks, and even months, to cross from England to America, whereas now the swiftest liners take less than five days. Some of these great ships carry as many as 2,000 or 3,000 passengers, as well as a large cargo of goods.

Besides the carriage of goods by roads and railroads, there is another way in which they are sent from place to place. Canals have been cut, and about one hundred years ago they were largely used.

barges loaded with such heavy goods as coal, iron, bricks, and timber may often be seen in many parts of our country.

We may also mention another kind of canal, which may be called the ship canal¹, for it allows great ships to pass from one ocean to another. The Suez Canal is at present the most famous canal in the world, and you will find that, by its means, ships can reach India from England much quicker than by passing round the coast of Africa.

In England we have a ship canal which allows great Atlantic ships to pass inland, beyond Liverpool to Manchester. Formerly they had to stop at Liverpool, where they were unloaded, and then the cotton was sent by rail to Manchester. You will see that the new way is quicker and cheaper, and that Manchester is now a seaport.

Now look at a map of America, and you will notice how narrow it is in the middle. That narrow portion is called an isthmus, and through it the great Panama Canal was made. It was opened in 1915, and since then ships have been able to reach the west coast of America from England in a much shorter space of time.

EXERCISES

1. Use in sentences—call to mind, carry on.
2. Making calculation from a map, show how many miles of travel are saved by the Suez and Panama Canals between London and Bombay—and London and San Francisco respectively.
3. Describe how goods were carried from one part to another in India in ancient days and show how roads and railways have improved means of transport.

17. THE MAGIC PITCHER

CHAPTER I

LONG, long ago there lived far away in India a woodcutter called Subha Datta and his family, who were all very happy together. The father went every day to the forest near his home to get supplies of wood, which he sold to his neighbours, earning by that means quite enough to give his wife and children all that they needed. Sometimes he took his three boys with him, and now and then, as a special treat, his two little girls were allowed to trot along beside him. The boys longed to be allowed to chop wood for themselves, and their father told them that as soon as they were old enough he would give each of them a little axe of his own. The girls, he said, must be content with breaking off small twigs from the branches he cut down, for he did not wish them to chop their own fingers off. This will show you what a kind father he was, and you will be very sorry for him when you hear about his troubles.

All went well with Subha Datta for a long time. Each of the boys had his own little axe at last, and each of the girls had a little pair of scissors to cut off twigs; and very proud they all were when they brought some wood home to their mother to use in the house. One day, however, their father told them they could none of them come with him, for he meant to go a very long way into the forest, to see if he could find better wood there than nearer home. Vainly the boys entreated him to take them with

him. 'Not to-day,' he said, 'you would be too tired to go all the way, and would lose yourselves coming back alone. You must help your mother to-day and play with your sisters.' They had to be content, for although Hindu children are as fond of asking questions as English boys and girls, they are very obedient to their parents and do all they are told without making any fuss about it.

Of course, they expected their father would come back the day he started for the depths of the forest, although they knew he would be late. What then was their surprise when darkness came and there was no sign of him! Again and again their mother went to the door to look for him, expecting every moment to see him coming along the beaten path which led to their door. Again and again she mistook the cry of some night-bird for his voice calling to her. She was obliged at last to go to bed with a heavy heart, fearing some wild beast had killed him and that she would never see him again.

CHAPTER II

WHEN Subha Datta started for the forest, he fully intended to come back the same evening; but as he was busy cutting down a tree, he suddenly had a feeling that he was no longer alone. He looked up, and there, quite close to him, in a little clearing where the trees had been cut down by some other woodcutter, he saw four beautiful young girls looking like fairies in their thin summer dresses and with their long hair flowing down their backs, dancing round and round, holding each other's hands. Subha Datta was so astonished at the sight

that he let his axe fall, and the noise startled the dancers, who all four stood still and stared at him.

The woodcutter could not say a word, but just gazed and gazed at them, till one of them said to him : 'Who are you, and what are you doing in the very depths of the forest where we have never before seen a man?'

'I am only a poor woodcutter,' he replied, 'come to get some wood to sell, so as to give my wife and children something to eat and some clothes to wear.'

'That is a very stupid thing to do,' said one of the girls. 'You can't get much money that way. If you will only stop with us we will have your wife and children looked after for you much better than you can do it yourself.'

CHAPTER III

SUBHA DATTA, though he certainly did love his wife and children, was so tempted at the idea of stopping in the forest with the beautiful girls that, after hesitating a little while, he said, 'Yes, I will stop with you, if you are quite sure all will be well with my dear ones.'

'You need not be afraid about that,' said another of the girls. 'We are fairies, you see, and we can do all sorts of wonderful things. It isn't even necessary for us to go where your dear ones are. We shall just wish them everything they want, and they will get it. And the first thing to be done is to give you some food. You must work for us in return, of course.'

Subha Datta at once replied, 'I will do anything you wish.'

‘Well, begin by sweeping away all the dead leaves from the clearing, and then we will all sit down and eat together.’

Subha Datta was very glad that what he was asked to do was so easy. He began by cutting a branch from a tree, and with it he swept the floor of what was to be the dining-room. Then he looked about for the food, but he could see nothing but a great big pitcher standing in the shade of a tree, the branches of which hung over the clearing. So he said to one of the fairies, ‘Will you show me where the food is, and exactly where you would like me to set it out?’

At these questions all the fairies began to laugh, and the sound of their laughter was like the tinkling of a number of bells.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN the fairies saw how astonished Subha Datta was at the way they laughed, it made them laugh still more, and they seized each other’s hands again and whirled round and round, laughing all the time.

Poor Subha Datta, who was very tired and hungry, began to get unhappy and to wish he had gone straight home after all. He stooped down to pick up his axe, and was just about to turn away with it, when the fairies stopped their mad whirl and cried to him to stop. So he waited, and one of them said :

‘We don’t have to bother about fetching this and fetching that. You see that big pitcher. Well, we get all our food and everything else we want out of it. We just have to wish as we put our hands in and there it is. It’s a magic pitcher—the only one

there is in the whole wide world. You get the food you would like to have first, and then we'll tell you what *we* want.'

Subha Datta could hardly believe his ears when he heard that. Down he threw his axe, and hastened to put his hand in the pitcher, wishing for the food he was used to. He loved curried rice and milk, lentils, fruit and vegetables, and very soon he had a beautiful meal spread out for himself on the ground. Then the fairies called out, one after the other, what they wanted for food, things the woodcutter had never heard of, or seen, which made him quite discontented with what he had chosen for himself.

CHAPTER V

THE next few days passed away like a dream, and at first Subha Datta thought he had never been so happy in his life. The fairies often went off together leaving him alone, only coming back to the clearing when they wanted something out of the pitcher. The woodcutter got all kinds of things he fancied for himself, but presently he began to wish he had his wife and children with him to share his wonderful meals. He began to miss them terribly and he missed his work too. It was no good cutting trees down and chopping up wood when all the food was ready cooked. Sometimes he thought he would slip off home when the fairies were away, but when he looked at the pitcher he could not bear the thought of leaving it.

CHAPTER VI

Soon Subha Datta could not sleep well for he was thinking of the wife and children he had deserted.

Suppose they were hungry when he had plenty to eat ! It even came into his head that he might steal the pitcher and take it home with him when the fairies were away. But he had not, after all, the courage to do this ; for even when the beautiful girls were not in sight, he had a feeling that they would know if he tried to go off with the pitcher, and that they would be able to punish him in some terrible way. One night he had a dream that troubled him very much. He saw his wife sitting crying bitterly in the little home he used to love, holding the youngest child on her knee whilst the other three stood beside her looking at her very, very sadly. He started up from the ground on which he lay, determined to go home at once ; but at a little distance off he saw the fairies dancing in the moonlight, and somehow he felt again he could not leave them and the pitcher. The next day, however, he was so miserable that the fairies noticed it, and one of them said to him : 'Whatever is the matter ? We don't care to keep unhappy people here. If you can't enjoy life as we do, you had better go home.'

Then Subha Datta was very much frightened lest they should really send him away ; so he told them about his dream and that he was afraid his dear ones were starving for want of the money he used to earn for them.

'Don't worry about them,' was the reply, 'we will let your wife know what keeps you away. We will whisper in her ear when she is asleep, and she will be so glad to think of your happiness that she will forget her own troubles.'

CHAPTER VII

SUBHA DATTA was very much cheered by the sympathy of the fairies, so much so that he decided to stop with them for a little longer at least. Now and then he felt restless, but on the whole the time passed pleasantly, and the pitcher was a daily delight to him.

Meanwhile his poor wife was at her wit's end how to feed her dear children. If it had not been that the two boys were brave, plucky little chaps, she really would have been in despair. When their father did not come back and all their efforts to find him were in vain, these boys set to work to help their mother. They could not cut down trees, but they could climb them and chop off small branches with their axes; and this they did, making up bundles of faggots and selling them to their neighbours. These neighbours were touched by the courage they showed, and not only paid them well for the wood but often gave them milk and rice and other little things to help them. In time they actually got used to being without Subha Datta, and the little girls nearly forgot all about him. Little did they dream of the change that was soon to come into their lives.

CHAPTER VIII

A MONTH passed peacefully away in the depths of the forest, Subha Datta waiting on the fairies and becoming every day more selfish and bent on enjoying himself. Then he had another dream, in which he saw his wife and children in the old home with plenty of food, and evidently so happy without him that he felt quite determined to go and show them

he was still alive. When he woke he said to the fairies, 'I will not stop with you any longer. I have had a good time here, but I am tired of this life away from my own people.'

The fairies saw he was really in earnest this time, so they consented to let him go; but they were kind-hearted people and felt they ought to pay him in some way for all he had done for them. They consulted together, and then one of them told him they wished to make him a present before he went away, and they would give him whatever he asked for.

CHAPTER IX

DIRECTLY the woodcutter heard he could have anything he asked for, he cried, 'I will have the magic pitcher.'

You can just imagine what a shock this was to the fairies! You know, of course, that fairies always keep their word. If they could not persuade Subha Datta to choose something else, they would have to give him their beloved, their precious pitcher and would have to seek their food for themselves. They tried all they could to persuade the woodcutter to choose something else. They took him to their own secret treasure-house, in an old, old tree with a hollow trunk, even the entrance to which no mortal had ever been allowed to see. They blindfolded him before they started, so that he could never reveal the way, and one of them led him by the hand, telling him where the steps going down from the tree began. When at last the bandage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in a lofty hall with an opening in the roof through which light

came. Piled upon the floor were sparkling stones worth a great deal of gold and silver money, and on the walls hung beautiful robes. Subha Datta was quite dazed with all he saw, but he was only an ignorant woodcutter and did not realize the value of the jewels and clothes. So when the fairies said to him, 'Choose anything you like here and let us keep our pitcher', he shook his head and said : 'No ! no ! no ! The pitcher ! I will have the pitcher !' One fairy after another picked up the rubies and diamonds and other precious stones and held them in the light, that the woodcutter might see how lovely they were ; and when he still only shook his head, they got down the robes and tried to make him put one of them on. 'No ! the pitcher ! the pitcher !' he said, and at last they had to give it up. They bound his eyes again and led him back to the clearing and the pitcher.

CHAPTER X

EVEN when they were all back again in the clearing the fairies did not quite give up hope of keeping their pitcher. This time they gave other reasons why Subha Datta should not have it. 'It will break very easily,' they told him, 'and then it will be no good to you or any one else. But if you take some of the money, you can buy anything you like with it. If you take some of the jewels, you can sell them for lots of money.'

'No ! no ! no !' cried the woodcutter. 'The pitcher ! the pitcher ! I will have the pitcher !'

'Very well then, take the pitcher,' they sadly answered, 'and never let us see your face again !'

So Subha Datta took the pitcher, carrying it very,

very carefully lest he should drop it and break it before he got home. He did not think at all of what a cruel thing it was to take it away from the fairies, and leave them either to starve or to seek for food for themselves. The poor fairies watched him till he was out of sight, and then they began to weep and wring their hands. 'He might at least have waited whilst we got some food out for a few days,' one of them said. 'He was too selfish to think of that,' said another. 'Come, let us forget all about him, and go and look for some fruit.'

So they all left off crying and went away hand in hand. Fairies do not want very much to eat. They can live on fruit and dew, and they never let anything make them sad for long at a time. They go out of this story now, but you need not be unhappy about them, because you may be very sure that they got no real harm from their generosity to Subha Datta in letting him take the pitcher.

CHAPTER XI

You can just imagine what a surprise it was to Subha Datta's wife and children when they saw him coming along the path leading to his home. He did not bring the pitcher with him, but had hidden it in a hollow tree in the wood near his cottage, for he did not mean any one to know that he had it. He told his wife that he had lost his way in the forest, and had been afraid he would never see her or his children again, but he said nothing about the fairies. When his wife asked him how he had got food, he told her a long story about the fruits he had found, and she believed all he said, and determined to make up to him now for all she thought he had suffered.

When she called the little girls to come and help her get a nice meal for their father, Subha Datta said: 'Oh, don't bother about that! I've brought something back with me. I'll go and fetch it, but no one is to come with me.'

Subha Datta's wife was sorely disappointed at this, because she loved her husband so much that it was a joy to her to work for him. The children too, wanted, of course, to go with their father, but he ordered them to stop where they were. He seized a big basket which was full of fuel for the fire, tumbled all the wood in it on the floor, and went off alone to the pitcher. Very soon he was back again with his basket full of all sorts of good things, the very names of which his wife and children had no idea of. 'There!' he cried; 'what do you think of that? Am I not a clever father to have found all that in the forest? Those are the "fruits" I meant when I told mother about them.'

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE was now, of course, completely changed for the family in the forest. Subha Datta no longer went to cut wood to be sold, and the boys also left off doing so. Every day their father fetched food for them all, and the greatest desire of each one of the family was to find out where it came from. They never could do so, for Subha Datta managed to make them afraid to follow him when he went forth with his basket. The secret he kept from the wife to whom he used to tell everything soon began to spoil the happiness of the home. The children who had no longer anything to do quarrelled with

each other. Their mother got sadder and sadder, and at last decided to tell Subha Datta that, unless he would let her know where the food came from, she would go away from him and take her little girls with her. She really did mean to do this, but something soon happened to change everything again. Of course, the neighbours in the wood, who had bought the fuel from the boys and helped them by giving them fruit and rice, heard of the return of their father and of the wonderful change in their lot. Now the whole family had plenty to eat every day, though none of them knew where it all came from. Subha Datta was very fond of showing off what he could do, and sometimes asked his old friends amongst the woodcutters to come and have a meal with him. When they arrived they would find all sorts of good things spread out on the ground and different kinds of wines in beautiful bottles.

This went on for some months, Subha Datta getting prouder and prouder of all that he could do, and it seemed likely that his secret would never be discovered. Everybody tried to find it out, and many followed him secretly when he set forth into the woods ; but he was very clever at dodging them hiding his treasure constantly in a new place in the dead of the night. If he had only been content with getting food out of his pitcher and drinking pure water, all would most likely have been well with him. But that was just what he could not do. Till he had his pitcher he had never drunk anything but water, but now he often took too much wine. It was this which led to the misfortune of losing his beloved pitcher. He began to boast of his cleverness, telling his friends there was nothing they

wanted that he could not get for them ; and one day when he had given them a very grand feast, in which were several rare kinds of food they had asked for, he drank too much wine—so much that he no longer knew what he was saying.

This was the chance his guests wanted. They began teasing him, telling him they believed he was really a wicked robber, who had stolen the food or the money to buy it. He got angry, and at last was actually silly enough to tell them all to come with him, and he would show them he was no robber. When his wife heard this, she was half pleased to think that now at last the secret would come out of where the food came from, and half afraid that something terrible would happen. The children too were greatly excited, and went with the rest of the party, who followed their father to the last hiding-place of the precious pitcher.

When they all got very near the place, however, some idea began to come into Subha Datta's head that he was doing a very foolish thing. He stopped suddenly, turned round facing the crowd that followed him, and said he would not go a step further till they all went back to the cottage. His wife begged him to let her at least go with him, and the children all clamoured not to be sent back, but it was no good. Back they all had to go, the woodcutter watching till they were out of sight.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN the woodcutter was quite sure that every one was gone and nobody could see where he had hidden the pitcher, he took it from the hole in which

it lay and carried it carefully to his home. You can imagine how everybody rushed out to meet him when he came in sight, and crowded round him, so that there was danger of the pitcher being thrown to the ground and broken. Subha Datta, however, managed to get into the cottage without any accident, and then he began to take things out of the pitcher and fling them on the ground, shouting, 'Am I a robber? Am I a robber? Who dared to call me a robber?' Then, getting more and more excited he picked up the pitcher, and holding it on his shoulder began to dance wildly about. His wife called out to him, 'Oh, take care, take care! You will drop it!' But he paid no attention to her. Suddenly, however, he began to feel giddy and fell to the ground, dropping the pitcher as he did so. It was broken to pieces, and a great cry of sorrow went up from all who saw the accident. The woodcutter himself was broken-hearted, for he knew that he had done the mischief himself, and that if only he had resisted the temptation to drink the wine he would still have his treasure.

He was going to pick up the pieces to see if they could be stuck together, but to his very great surprise he could not touch them. He heard a silvery laugh, and what sounded like children clapping their hands, and he thought he also heard the words, 'Our pitcher is ours again!' Could it all have been a dream? No : for there on the ground were the fruits and cakes that had been in the pitcher, and there were his wife, his children and his friends, all looking sadly and angrily at him. One by one the friends went away, leaving Subha Datta alone with his family.

CHAPTER XIV

THIS is the end of the story of the Magic Pitcher, but it was the beginning of a new chapter in the lives of Subha Datta and his family. They never forgot the wonder-working pitcher, and the children were never tired of hearing the story of how their father came to get it. They often wandered about in the forest, hoping that they too would meet with some wonderful adventure, but they never saw the fairies or found a magic pitcher. By slow degrees the woodcutter returned to his old ways, but he had learnt one lesson. He never again kept a secret from his wife ; because he felt sure that, if he had told her the truth about the pitcher when he first came home, she would have helped him to save the precious treasure.

MITRA.

EXERCISES

1. (i) What is the sense in which the following are used:—treat, longed, clearing, plucky, dazed.

(ii) Explain:—to make a fuss, beaten path, slip off, now and then, at one's wit's end, in return, of course, in vain, dead of night.

2. (i) Tell in your own words the effect of the magic pitcher on Subha Datta's family.

(ii) Write a short account of the fairies.

(iii) What qualities of Subha Datta are illustrated by the story?

3. What then was their surprise . . . of him? What kind of sentence is this? Put it in assertive form.

4. Down he then threw the axe. What is the peculiarity in the sentence? Why is this device adopted?

5. When the fairies saw how astonished Subha Datta was . . . all the time. Write down the subordinate clauses in the sentence and give the construction of each.

6. Discover some conditional clauses, introduced by 'if'. Remove *if* in them and rewrite without changing the sense.

18. THE STORY OF REGULUS

249 B.C.

The old Romans were a stern, serious, practical people noted for their intense patriotism. Citizenship was considered by them as sacred, and service to the state as the grandest occupation of life. Regulus is typical of the old Romans that built up the great empire.

THE first dispute between Rome and Carthage was about their possession in the island of Sicily ; and the war thus begun had lasted eight years, when it was resolved to send an army to fight the Carthaginians on their own shores. The army and fleet were placed under the command of the two consuls, Lucius Manlius and Marcus Atilius Regulus. On the way, there was a great sea-fight with the Carthaginian fleet, and this was the first naval battle that the Romans ever gained. It made the way to Africa free ; but the soldiers, who had never been so far from home before, murmured, for they expected to meet not only human enemies, but monstrous serpents, lions, elephants, asses with horns, and dog-headed monsters ; to have a scorching sun overhead and a noisome march under their feet. However, Regulus sternly put a stop to all murmurs by making it known that disaffection would be punished by death, and the army safely landed, and set up a fortification at Clypea, and plundered the whole country round. Orders here came from Rome that Manlius should return thither, but that Regulus should remain to carry on the war. This was a

great grief to him. He was a very poor man, with nothing of his own but a little farm of seven acres, and the person whom he had employed to cultivate it had died in his absence. A hired labourer had undertaken the care of it, but he had been unfaithful, and had run away with his tools and his cattle ; so that he was afraid that unless he could return quickly, his wife and children would starve. However, the Senate engaged to provide for his family, and he remained, making expeditions into the country round, in the course of which the Romans really did fall in with a serpent, as monstrous as their imagination had depicted. It was said to be 120 feet long, and dwelt upon the banks of the river Bagrada, where it used to devour the Roman soldiers as they went to fetch water. It had such tough scales that they were obliged to attack it with their engines meant for battering city walls, and only succeeded with much difficulty in destroying it.

The country was most beautiful, covered with fertile corn-fields and full of rich fruit trees, and all the rich Carthaginians had country-houses and gardens, which were made delicious with fountains, trees, and flowers. The Roman soldiers, plain, hardy, fierce, and pitiless, did, it must be feared, cruel damage among these peaceful scenes ; they boasted of having sacked three hundred villages, and mercy was not yet known to them. The Carthaginian army, though strong in horsemen and in elephants, kept upon the hills and did nothing to save the country, and the wild desert tribes of Numidians came rushing in to plunder what the Romans had left. The Carthaginians sent to offer terms of peace ; but Regulus, who had become uplifted by his

conquests, made such demands that the messengers remonstrated. He answered : 'Men who are good for anything should either conquer or submit to their betters' ; and he sent them rudely away, like a stern old Roman as he was. His merit was that he had no more mercy on himself than on others.

The Carthaginians were driven to extremity, and made horrible offerings to Moloch, giving the little children of the noblest families to be dropped into the fire between the brazen hands of his statue, and grown-up people of the noblest families rushed in of their own accord, hoping thus to propitiate their gods and obtain safety for their country. Their time was not yet fully come, and a respite was granted to them. They had sent, in their distress, to hire soldiers in Greece, and among these came a Spartan named Xanthippus, who at once took command, and led the army out to battle, with a long line of elephants ranged in front of them, and with clouds of horsemen hovering on the wings. The Romans had not yet learnt the best mode of fighting with elephants—namely, to leave lanes in their columns where these huge beasts might advance harmlessly ; instead of which, the ranks were thrust and trampled down by the creatures' bulk and they suffered a terrible defeat. Regulus himself was seized by the horsemen, and dragged into Carthage, where the victors feasted and rejoiced through half the night, and testified their thanks to Moloch by offering in his fires the bravest of their captives.

Regulus himself was not, however, one of these victims. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining and sickening in his loneliness. while in the meantime the war continued, and at last a

victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to the outside of the gates of his own city, and there paused, refusing to enter. 'I am no longer a Roman citizen,' he said; 'I am but the barbarians' slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls.'

His wife Marcia ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave; and he continued, in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he had loved so well.

The Roman Senate, as he would not come in to them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first; then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeating a task: 'Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace, and an exchange of prisoners.' He then turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the Senate. His old friends pressed him

to stay and give his opinion as a senator who had twice been consul ; but he refused to degrade that dignity by claiming it, slave as he was. But, at the command of his Carthaginian masters, he remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthaginian generals who were in the hands of the Romans were in full health and strength, whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again, and indeed he believed that his enemies had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made.

It was wonderful, even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself, and their chief priest came forward, and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonour me?" he said, 'I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me ; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go ; let the gods take care of the rest.'

The Senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice.

His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him; they could merely repeat their permission to him to remain; but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected as calmly as if he had been returning to his home. This was in the year 249 B.C.

'Let the gods take care of the rest,' said the Roman. How his trust was fulfilled is not known. The Senate, after the next victory, gave two Carthaginian generals to his wife and sons to hold as pledges for his good treatment; but when tidings arrived that Regulus was dead, Marcia began to treat them both with savage cruelty, though one of them assured her that he had been careful to have her husband well used. Horrible stories were told that Regulus had been put out in the sun with his eyelids cut off, rolled down a hill in a barrel with spikes, killed by being constantly kept awake, or else crucified. Marcia seems to have set about, and perhaps believed in these horrors, and avenged them on her unhappy captives till one had died, and the Senate sent for her sons and severely reprimanded them. They declared it was their mother's doing, not theirs, and henceforth were careful of the comfort of the remaining prisoner.

It may thus be hoped that the frightful tale of Regulus' sufferings was but formed by report acting on the fancy of a vindictive woman, and that Regulus was permitted to die in peace of the disease brought on far more probably by the climate and imprisonment, than by the poison to which he ascribed it. It is not the tortures he may have endured that make him one of the noblest characters

of history, but the resolution that would neither let him save himself at the risk of his country's prosperity, nor forfeit the word that he had pledged.

YONGE.

EXERCISES

1. Note the use of:—driven to extremity, hovering on the wings, noisome marsh, scorching sun, disaffection, remonstrated, propitiate, respite, pledged word.
2. Regulus sent them (Carthaginians) away like a stern old Roman Compare the action of Edward in lesson I.
3. Put in direct form of narration the paragraph beginning with Then he spoke. . . . (page 110).
4. Describe what Regulus did when he was sent to Rome to settle terms of peace. What characteristic of Regulus do you admire most?

19. OLIVER GOLDSMITH TO HIS MOTHER

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddle-back, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious, and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddle-back, and bade adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.'

However, upon the way, I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her? However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his nightcap, nightgown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth

and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

It now approached six o'clock in the evening; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and some old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock

he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark*. My hunger was this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible ; accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution : he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. ‘To be sure,’ said he, ‘the longer you stay away from your mother the more you will grieve her and your other friends ; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.’ Notwithstanding all this and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking ‘how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?’ I begged to borrow a single guinea which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. ‘And you know, sir,’ said I, ‘it is no more than I have done for you.’ To which he firmly answered : ‘Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there ; I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you ; sell your horse, and I will furnish you a much better one to ride on.’ I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag ; on which he led me to his bed chamber and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. ‘Here he is,’ said he ; ‘take this in your hand, and it will carry you to

your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.' I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate ; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself ; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor-at-law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend : but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives ; one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor ; and the other that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies ; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls for his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord ; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them : for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home ; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

GOLDSMITH.

EXERCISES

1. 'Resolved' is used in the sense of 'answered'; 'converted' in the sense of 'sold'.
2. Explain:—my spirits were raised, lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark, entertainment, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.
3. There is a vein of mild humour running right through the letter: give instances.
4. The characteristics of a good letter are said to be, simplicity and directness of expression. Does this letter satisfy the conditions?



CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830-1894

I. QUEEN ROSE

I

THE lily has a smooth stalk,
Will never hurt your hand ;
But the rose upon the briar
Is lady of the land.

4

There's sweetness in an apple tree,
And profit in the corn ;
But a lady of a' beauty
Is a rose upon a thorn.

When with moss and honey
 She tips her bending briar,
 And half unfolds her glowing heart,
 She sets the world on fire. 12

II

THE jessamine shows like a star ;
 The lilies sway like sceptres slim ;
 Fair clematis from near and far
 Sets forth its wayward tangled whim ; 16
 Curved meadowsweet blooms rich and dim ;—
 But yet a rose is fairer far.

The jessamine is odorous ; so
 Maid-lilies are, and clematis ; 20
 And where tall meadowsweet-flowers grow
 A rare and subtle perfume is ;—
 What can there be more choice than these?—
 A rose when it doth bud and blow. 24

Let others choose sweet jessamine,
 Or weave their lily-crown aright,
 And let who love it pluck and twine
 Loose clematis, or draw delight 28
 From meadowsweets' cluster downy white—
 The rose, the perfect rose, be mine.

AN OCTOBER GARDEN

In my Autumn garden I was fain
 To mourn among my scattered roses :
 Alas for that last rosebud which uncloses
 To Autumn's languid sun and rain

When all the world is on the wane !
Which has not felt the sweet constraint of June,
Nor heard the nightingale in tune.

Broad-faced asters by my garden walk, 8
You are but coarse compared with roses ;
More choice, more dear that rosebud which
uncloses,

Faint-scented, pinched, upon its stalk,
That least and last which cold winds balk ; 12
A rose it is though least and last of all,
A rose to me though at the fall.

WITHERING

FADE, tender lily,
Fade, O crimson rose,
Fade every flower,
Sweetest flower that blows. 4



GO, CHILLY AUTUMN, COME, O WINTER COLD.

Go, chilly autumn,
Come, O winter cold ;

Let the green stalks die away
 Into common mould. 8

Birth follows hard on death,
 Life on withering :
 Hasten, we will come the sooner
 Back to pleasant spring. 12

BITTER FOR SWEET

SUMMER is gone with all its roses,
 Its sun and perfumes and sweet flowers,
 Its warm air and refreshing showers :
 And even Autumn closes. 4

Yea, Autumn's chilly self is going,
 And Winter comes which is yet colder ;
 Each day the hoar-frost waxes bolder,
 And the last buds cease blowing. 8

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

EXERCISES

I

1. She . . . half unfolds her glowing heart: note 'glowing' expresses the bright colours of the flower in the interior, which 'fires' the desire of man.

2. See the aptness of the comparison in lines 13-16, as well as the heightening of the effect by alliteration.

II

3. Note how the poet brings out an air of triumph for the rose as the queen of the flowers by the last lines in each stanza dropping out comparisons at the end of the first and descriptions at the end of the second, and ultimately closing

with an effective repetition in the last line of the last stanza. The effect is telling and is easily imparted, if the poem is read slowly and clearly with due attention to sound effects.

III

4. Contrast, the languid sun and rain of autumn, with the sweet constraint of June or midsummer.

5. From the different parts of the poem, we gather that the rose is sweeter than every thing: next it is sweeter than all flowers and lastly it is dearer than all flowers in all seasons.

6. What is the antecedent for 'which' in line 6?

2. THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A FORWARD hare of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd,
For geniuses are ever proud. 4

He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse, he'd beat them hollow,
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren, half a length. 8

A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation,
'O puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race. 12

Come, 'ts a match; nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.'
'Twas 'done,' and 'done,' 'all fair,' 'a bet;'
Judges prepared and distance set. 16

The scampering hare outstripped the wind;
 The creeping tortoise lagged behind,
 And scarce had passed a single pole,
 When puss had almost reached his goal. 20

'Friend tortoise,' quoth the jeering hare,
 'Your burthen's more than you can bear;
 To help your speed, it were as well
 That I should ease you of your shell. 24

Jog on a little faster, prythee,
 I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
 The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
 But still resolved to persevere! 28

On to the goal securely crept,
 While puss, unknowing, soundly slept,
 The bets were won, the hare awoke,
 When thus the victor tortoise spoke. 32

'Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
 Things are not always done by starts;
 You may deride my awkward pace,
 But slow and steady wins the race.' 36

LLOYD.

EXERCISES

1. (i) The adjectives used for the hare point out its nature, e.g. forward, scampering.

(ii) The words, *genius* and *puss*, are used to denote contempt.

2. Lest the haughty hare should look down upon the challenge note the serious way in which the tortoise proposes it (lines 13 and 14). Even while the hare is hesitating, the spectators applaud the proposal leaving it no other choice but to yield.

3. Explain the phrases:—beat one hollow, vent one's indignation, fits and starts.

3. SAYING AND DOING

A YOUNGSTER at school more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job. 4

He was very much shocked, and answered, 'O no !
What ! rob our poor neighbour ! I pray you don't go !
Besides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread ;
'Then think of his children, for they must be fed.' 8

'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have.
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.' 12

They spoke ; the boy pondered ; 'I see they will go ;
Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so !
Poor man ! I would save him his fruit, if I could,
But, staying behind will do him no good.' 16

His scruples thus silenced, he felt more at ease ;
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;
He blamed, and protested, but joined in the plan,
He shared in the plunder ; but pitied the man. 20

Conscience slumbered awhile ; but soon woke in his
breast.

And in language severe the delinquent addrest,
'With such empty and selfish pretences, away !
By your *actions* you're judged, be your speech what
it may.' 24

EXERCISES

1. What is the central idea of the poem?
2. Emphasize the use of :—sedate, integrity, delinquent, pretence, scruple, ponder.
3. Explain in simple English lines 17-24.

4. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

GOOD people all, of ev'ry sort,
 Give ear unto my song,
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long. 4

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say
 That still a godly race he ran—
 Whene'er he went to pray. 8

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes ;
 The naked every day he clad—
 When he put on his clothes. 12

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree. 16

This dog and man at first were friends,
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain some private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man. 20

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
 The wondering neighbours ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man. 24

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye,
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die. 28

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied :
 The man recovered of the bite—
 The dog it was that died. 32

GOLDSMITH.

EXERCISES

1. When the poem is read note how the lines run lightly, cf. with poems 2 and 3 read before.

2. From first to last the humorous strain is to be noted, especially the pauses at the end of the lines 7 and 11 bring out this prominently.

3. The author of this poem also wrote the letter in lesson 19.

4. The account in stanza 5 reminds us of people in the village, who are friends now, but quarrel presently and injure each other, without sufficient cause.

5. The use of adjectives for adverbs is very common in poetry as 'wondrous' in this...or... 'heartless' in the next poem.

5. THE IRISH HARPER AND HIS DOG

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was
 nigh,
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
 No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray. 4

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
 She said—while the sorrow was big at her heart—
 ‘O! remember your Sheelah, when far, far away,
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.’ 8

Poor dog! he was faithful, and kind, to be sure,
 And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
 When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray. 12

When the road was so dark, and the night was so
 cold,
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
 And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog
 Tray. 16

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his
 case,
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
 But he died at my feet one cold winter’s day,
 And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray. 20

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
 Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
 To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
 I can never more return with my poor dog Tray. 24

CAMPBELL.

EXERCISES

1. The pathos in the poem to be brought out by remembering, first, the harper was blind, secondly, he lost his dear Sheelah, and lastly even his faithful dog. Note how the repetition at the end of each stanza, characteristic of ballad poetry, enhances our sympathy.

2. Explain:—sour-looking folks, while sorrow was heat.

6. CASABIANCA.*

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead. 4

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form. 8

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard. 12

He called aloud ; 'Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son. 16

'Speak, father,' once again he cried
'If I may yet be gone?'
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on. 20

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair. 24

* Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, perishing in the explosion of the vessel when the flames had reached the powder.

And shouted but once more aloud,
 'My father, must I stay?'
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way. 28

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high ;
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky. 32

There came a burst of thunder's sound—
 The boy—oh ! where was he ?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea ! 36

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part—
 But the noblest thing which perished there
 Was that young faithful heart ! 40

MRS. HEMANS.

EXERCISES

1. 'A golden deed'—lesson 3—is to be re-read before this is taken up. In particular, the reason for the boy's taking up a firm, proud stand, should be made clear.
2. Beautiful and bright—Why? Are the words 'creature' and 'form' used here in admiration or contempt?
3. Explain:—Faint in death; booming shots; splendour wild.
4. (i) (a) Bring out the aptness of comparison in the tongues of flame, to banners, (b) note how finely the author uses different forms to express the same idea.

(ii) (a) Say, father, say . . . done? (b) speak, father . . . gone; (c) my father, must I stay?

5. (i) (a) Give the construction of:—‘But’ in lines 2 and 25; (b) *creature* in line 7; (c) *father* in line 11.

(ii) He *would* not go—Bring out the force of ‘would’.

7. THE LIFE-BOAT

MAN the life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Hearts of oak, your succour lend;
See, the shattered vessel staggers;
Quick, oh quick! assistance send.

4

See the ark of refuge launching,
See her hardy crew prepare
For the dangerous work of mercy;
Gallant sailors' hearts are there.

8

Now the fragile boat is hanging
On the billows' feathery height;
Now 'midst fearful depths descending,
While we sicken at the sight.

12

Courage, courage! she's in safety;
See again her buoyant form!
By His gracious hand uplifted,
Who controls the raging storm.

16

With her precious cargo freighted,
Now the life-boat nears the shore;
Parents, brethren, friends embracing
Those they thought to see no more.

20



Photo Valentine & Co

YARMOUTH LIFE-BOAT AND CREW

Blessings on the dauntless spirits
 Who such dangers nobly brave ;
 Ready life and limb to venture,
 So they may a brother save.

24

ANON.

EXERCISES

1. Explain:—man the boat; hearts of oak; stagger.
2. Point out the aptness of the use of the words in italics:—*feathery* heights; *ark* of refuge; *sicken* at the sight; *precious* cargo; *buoyant* form.
3. Write down the chief points in four or five simple sentences.

8. THE MILLER OF THE DEE

- THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee ;
He work'd and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he ; 4
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,—
'I envy nobody : no, not I,
And nobody envies me !' 8
- 'Thou'rt wrong, my friend !' said old
King Hal,
'Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be ;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee. 12
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee?' 16
- The miller smiled and doff'd his cap :
'I earn my bread,' quoth he ;
'I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three ; 20
I owe no penny I cannot pay ;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me.' 24
- 'Good friend,' said Hal, and sigh'd the while,
'Farewell ! and happy be :
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee. 28

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee !
 Such men as thou are England's boast,
 O miller of the Dee !

32

MACKAY.

EXERCISES

1. King Hal is King Henry. In Shakespeare's *Henry II* Prince Henry is addressed as Hal.
2. Connect the idea in 'Heart be light' with 'light-hearted'; note also the use of, heavy-hearted, true-hearted, hard-hearted.
3. Explain:—Burden of his song, England's boast, mealy cap, sighed the while.
4. (i) But say no more that . . . thee—Why should he not?
 (ii) Such men are England's boast. How?
5. Rewrite line 11 as a conditional clause beginning with 'if'.

9. THE BLIND BOY

O SAY what is that thing called Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
 What are the blessings of the sight,
 O tell your poor blind boy !

4

You talk of wondrous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

8

My day or night myself I make
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day.

12

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know. 16

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy. 20

CIBBER.

EXERCISES

1. Explain the force of:—O say . . . O tell . . . (see hints to lesson 7).

2. What grammatical peculiarities do you note in the piece?

10. THE COLUBRIAD

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast,
 Three kittens sat ; each kitten looked aghast.
 I, passing swift and inattentive by,
 At the three kittens cast a careless eye ; 4
 Not much concerned to know what they did there,
 Not deeming kittens worth a Poet's care.
 But presently a loud and furious hiss
 Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, 'What's this?' 8
 When lo ! upon the threshold met my view,
 With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
 A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.
 Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws, 12
 Darting it full against a kitten's nose ;
 Who having never seen, in field or house,
 The like, sat still and silent as a mouse :
 Only projecting, with attention due, 16

Her whiskered face, she asked him, 'Who are you?'
 On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
 But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe :
 With which well armed I hastened to the spot, 20
 To find the viper, but I found him not.
 And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
 Found only that he was not to be found.
 But still the kitten, sitting as before, 24
 Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
 'I hope,' said I, 'the villain I would kill
 Has slipped between the door and the door-sill ;
 And if I make despatch, and follow hard, 28
 No doubt but I shall find him in the yard ;'
 For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
 'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
 Even there I found him—there the full-grown cat 32
 His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat ;
 As curious as the kittens each had been
 To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
 Filled with heroic ardour at the sight, 36
 And fearing every moment he would bite,
 And rob our household of our only cat
 That was of age to combat with a rat,
 With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door, 40
 And taught him never to come thither more.

COWPER.

EXERCISES

1. *Rehearsed* means 'told'. *Velvet* paw—Why?
2. Point out the peculiarities in the use of the words in italics:—passing *swift* and *inattentive* by; *careless* eye; find out examples of a similar kind from the poem.
3. What is the effect produced on the poem, by introducing such words as: *colubriad*, *rehearsed*, *heroic ardour*, *slew* . . . ?

4. Write out the incident related in the poem in your own words.

5. Cowper gives the subject matter of this poem in a letter to Rev. William Unwin. It is an excellent paraphrase of the poem by the poet himself. Refer to *The Oxford Book of English Prose*, p. 473.

11. SOLOMON'S WISDOM

Solomon was a great king of Israel noted for his superior wisdom and magnificent reign of forty years, 1015 to 977 B.C.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,
 Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came—
 So in the Talmud you may read the story—
 Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame, 4
 To see the splendours of his court, and bring
 Some fitting tribute to the mighty King.

Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued her
 most)

How through the deepest riddles he could spy ; 8
 How all the curious arts that women boast
 Were quite transparent to his piercing eye ;
 And so the Queen had come—a royal guest—
 To put the sage's cunning to the test. 12

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
 In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers ;
 The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
 Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers. 16
 The other, no less fair in every part,
 Was the rare product of divinest Art.

'Which is the true, and which the false? she said.

Great Solomon was silent. All amazed, 20
Each wond'ring courtier shook his puzzled head ;

While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again. 24

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement—so the story goes—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,

Hunting for honey in a withered rose. 28
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head ;
'Open the window !'—that was all he said.

The window opened at the King's command ;
Within the rooms the eager insects flew,— 32
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand !

And so the King and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's : and the baffled Queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen. 36

J. G. SAXE.

EXERCISES

1. (i) (*a*) *Curious* here means *strange*; (*b*) quite transparent . . . eye (i.e.) quite clear to his keen intellect.

(ii) Note how effective are the three words 'Open the window', spoken by the sage king, who did not care to explain any further.

2. (i) Note how the words in italics are quite apt in their context—*splendours* of his court, *fitting* tribute, *deepest* riddles, *piercing* eye.

(ii) Bring out the meaning of the words:—radiant, divinest, rapture, pondered, eager.

3. Use in sentences:—amazed, puzzled, baffled.
4. Note how alliteration heightens the effect in line 27.
5. Word study:—
 Be-decked
 Be-sieged
 Be-jewelled
 Be-moaned.
6. Write out the chief points in the poem.

12. LARK AND NIGHTINGALE

THE sunrise wakes the lark to sing,
The moonrise wakes the nightingale.
Come darkness, moonrise, everything
That is so silent, sweet, and pale,
Come, so ye wake the nightingale.

Make haste to mount, thou wistful moon,
 Make haste to wake the nightingale :
 Let silence set the world in tune
 To hearken to that wordless tale
 Which warbles from the nightingale.

O herald skylark, stay thy flight
One moment, for a nightingale
Floods with sorrow and delight.
To-morrow thou shalt hoist the sail :
Leave us to-night the nightingale.

II

The summer nights are short 16
Where northern days are long :
For hours and hours lark after lark
Trills out his song.

The summer days are short 20
 Where southern nights are long :
 Yet short the night when nightingales
 Trill out their song.

III

When a mounting skylark sings 24
 In the sunlit summer morn,
 I know that heaven is up on high,
 And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings 28
 In the moonlit summer even,
 I know not if earth is merely earth,
 Only that heaven is heaven.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

EXERCISES

1. The nightingale is the favourite bird of the poet.
2. Note the figures of speech in (a) come darkness . . . ; (b) 'Floods us with sorrow and delight'; (c) 'to set the world in tune'.
3. *Herald* skylark:—What does it herald?

THE LARK'S SONG

I

Gay and clear the linnet trills ;
 Yet the skylark, only, thrills
 Heaven and earth,
 When he breasts the height and fills
 Height and depth with song and mirth. 5

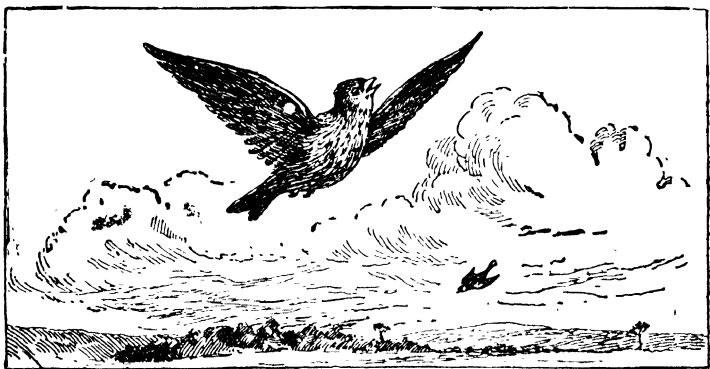
Nightingales which yield to night
Solitary strange delight

Reign alone :

But the lark for all his height

Fills no solitary throne.

10



WHEN HE BREASTS THE HEIGHT, AND FILLS HEIGHT AND DEPTH
WITH SONG AND MIRTH

While he sings, a hundred sing ;
Wing their flight, below his wing,

Yet in flight ;

Each a lovely joyful thing

To the measure of its delight.

15

II

Sing in the silent sky,

Glad soaring bird ;

Sing out thy notes on high

To sunbeam straying by

Or passing cloud ;

20

Heedless if thou art heard,

Sing thy full song aloud.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

EXERCISES

1. *For* all his height—What is the force of '*for*'?
2. Connect 'Heaven and earth' and 'Height and depth'.
3. Breasts the height; to the measure of its delight; wing their flight—Explain these clearly.

A GREEN CORNFIELD

'And singing still dost soar and soaring ever
singing.'

THE earth was green, the sky was blue :
I saw and heard one sunny morn
A skylark hang between the two,
A singing speck above the corn. 4

A stage below, in gay accord,
White butterflies danced on the wing,
And still the singing skylark soared,
And silent sank and soared to sing. 8

The cornfield stretched a tender green
To right and left beside my walks :
I knew he had a nest unseen
Somewhere among the million stalks. 12

And as I paused to hear his song
While swift the sunny moments slid,
Perhaps his mate sat listening long,
And listened longer than I did. 16

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

EXERCISES

What do you understand about the mode of life of the skylark?

13. MY GOOD RIGHT HAND

I FELL into grief, and began to complain ;
I looked for a friend, but I sought him in vain ;
Companions were shy, and acquaintance were cold,
They gave me good counsel, but dreaded their gold. 4
'Let them go,' I exclaimed : 'I've a friend at my
side,
To lift me, and aid me, whatever betide.
To trust to the world is to build on the sand :—
I'll trust but in Heaven and my good Right Hand.' 8
My courage revived, in my fortune's despite,
And my hand was as strong as my spirit was light ;
It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from pain
It fed me, and clad me again and again. 12
The friends who had left me came back every one,
And darkest advisers looked bright as the sun ;
I need them no more, as they all understand,—
I thank thee, I trust thee, my good Right Hand !' 16

MACKAY.

EXERCISES

1. Betide=happen (now obsolete); despite=injury; light=cheerful.
2. Explain:—Dreaded (to give) their gold; fortune's despite; to build on sand; darkest advisers.
3. The friends . . . came back (line 13)—Why did they?
4. Study the following phrases:—One's right hand, put one's right hand to the work, right behind us, serves him right, set' right.
5. What do you learn from the poem?

14. BOADICEA—AN ODE

[Boadicea, the British warrior-queen, was, on her husband's death in A.D. 60, treated with the utmost cruelty by the Romans. Roused to fury by her wrongs she gathered round her a large army, captured some Roman colonies and put to death thousands of Romans. Soon, however, she was overpowered by them, and in despair she killed herself. Cf. the poem by Tennyson.]

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods. 4

Sage beneath a spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief. 8

'Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues. 12

'Rome shall perish,—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
 Perish hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt. 16

'Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates. 20

‘Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier’s name ;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame. 24

‘Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command. 28

‘Regions Caesar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway ;
 Where his eagles never flew
 None invincible as they.’ 32

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre. 36

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow,
 Rushed to battle, fought and died,
 Dying, hurled them at the foe. 40

‘Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you !’ 44

COWPER.

EXERCISES

1. Druid:—the priest or sooth-sayer of old Britain.
 Gaul—the wild tribes of Gaul who ultimately overthrew
 the Roman Empire. Sounds not arms—oratory was the
 only road to success in later Rome, just as arms were in
 the earlier period.

2. Note the appropriateness of the words in italics in:—*Indignant* mien, *burning* word, *resentment ties* . . . , *pride* kiss . . . , *prophetic* words.
3. (i) *sweet* but *awful* lyre . . . Why?
 (ii) Deep in *ruin* as in *guilt*—How?
 (iii) *Pitiless* as *proud*. cf. *Regulus*, Lesson 18.
4. What is an 'Ode'?

15. BETH GELERT—A BALLAD

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerly smiled the morn;
 And many a brach and many a hound
 Obeyed Llewelyn's horn. 4

And still he blew a louder blast
 And gave a lustier cheer:
 'Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
 Llewelyn's horn to hear. 8

'Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
 The flower of all his race;
 So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase?' 12

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
 The faithful Gelert fed:
 He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
 And sentinelled his bed. 16

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John;
 But now no Gelert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on. 20

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries ! 24

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there. 28

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet. 32

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore
His lips and fangs ran blood. 36

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise :
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet. 40

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed.
And on went Gelert too ;
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood gouts shocked his view. 44

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained cover rent ;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent. 48

He called his child—no voice replied—
 He searched with terror wild ;
 Blood ! blood he found on every side,
 But nowhere found his child. 52

'Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devoured !'
 The frantic father cried ;
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gelert's side. 56

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
 No pity could impart ;
 But still his Gelert's dying yell
 Passed heavy o'er his heart. 60

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh :
 What words the parent's joy can tell
 To hear his infant cry ! 64

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 The cherub boy he kissed. 68

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
 But the same couch beneath,
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
 Tremendous still in death. 72

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !
 For now the truth was clear ;
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain
 To save Llewelyn's heir. 76

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe ;
 'Best of thy kind, adieu !
The frantic blow which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue.' 80

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture decked :
And marbles storied with his praise
 Poor Gelert's bones protect. 84

There, never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester unmoved ;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewelyn's sorrow proved. 88

And there he hung his horn and spear,
 And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell. 92

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of Gelert's Grave. 96

W. R. SPENCER.

EXERCISES

1. Explain clearly:—fierce surprise; joyful guise; vengeful sword; frantic father.
2. Use in sentences:—The morning smiled; the flower of his race; stood aghast.
3. What peculiar words are used in the poem for:—hound, pleasantly, blood, lean and grim, went quickly, valley.
4. Bring out the force of 'so' in line 11. Tremendous *sill in death* (convert the words in italics into a clause).

16. THE TURKEY AND THE ANT

IN other men we faults can spy,
 And blame the mote that dims their eye ;
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind. 4

A turkey tired of common food,
 Forsook the barn and sought the wood ;
 Behind her ran her infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain. 8

'Draw near, my birds,' the mother cries,
 'This hill delicious fare supplies ;
 Behold the busy negro race,—
 See, millions blacken all the place. 12

'Fear not, like me with freedom eat ;
 An ant is most delightful meat,
 How bless'd, how envied were our life,
 Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife ! 16

But man, cursed man, on turkey preys,
 And Christmas shortens all our days :
 Sometimes with oysters we combine,
 Sometimes assist the savoury chine. 20

From the low peasant to the lord,
 The turkey smokes on every board,
 Sure men for gluttony are curst,
 Of the seven deadly sins the worst.' 24

An ant, who climbed beyond his reach,
 Thus answered from a neighbouring beech,
 'Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thine own conscience look within ; 28
 Control thy more voracious bill,
 Nor, for a breakfast, nations kill.

GAY.

EXERCISES

1. What is the meaning of:—We blame the mote . . .
 eye; infant train; meat; board.
2. Distinguish between 'beach' and 'beech.' See how
 the words race, millions, nations,—express the presence of
 a large number of '*ants*'.
3. The first stanza might as well be the last, as it gives
 the moral of the poem. Express the moral in simple
 English.
4. *Seven deadly sins.* What are they?
5. Summarize the words of the mother Turkey in your
 own words.

17. THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS

A HARE, who, in a civil way,
 Complied with everything, like GAY,
 Was known by all the bestial train
 That haunt the wood or graze the plain. 4
 Her care was never to offend,
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn, 8
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies ;
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
 She hears the near advance of death ; 12

She doubles, to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round ;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay, 16
 What transport in her bosom grew
 When first the Horse appeared in view !
 'Let me,' says she, 'your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.' 20

You know my feet betray my flight ;
 To friendship every burden's light.
 The Horse replied : 'Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus ; 24
 Be comforted ; relief is near,
 For all your friends are in the rear.'

She next the stately Bull implored,
 And thus replied the mighty lord : 28
 'Since every beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend. 32
 Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow
 Expects me near yon barley-mow ;
 And when a lady's in the case,
 You know, all other things give place. 36
 To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
 But see, the Goat is just behind.'

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye ; 40
 'My back,' says he, 'may do you harm ;
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.'

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
 His sides a load of wool sustained : 44
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
 To save from death a friend distressed. 48
 'Shall I,' says he, 'of tender age,
 In this important care engage?
 Older and abler passed you by :
 How strong are those, how weak am I ! 52
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me, then. You know my heart ;
 But dearest friends, alas ! must part. 56
 How shall we all lament ! Adieu !
 For, see, the hounds are just in view !'

J. GAY.

EXERCISES

1. Note the sense in which the following are used:—civil, bestial, to taste, lawn, transport.
2. Explain:—deep-mouthed thunder, to take offence, to wish one well.
3. Summarize the excuse put forward by (a) the horse, (b) the goat, (c) the calf. What do you think of the friends of the hare?

18. DORA

WITH farmer Allen at the farm abode
 William and Dora. William was his son,
 And she his niece. He often looked at them,
 And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife.

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all 5
 And yearned toward William ; but the youth, because
 He had been always with her in the house,
 Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
 When Allen called his son, and said, 'My son, 10
 I married late, but I would wish to see
 My grandchild on my knees before I die :
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
 To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age. 15

She is my brother's daughter : he and I
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora : take her for your wife ;
 For I have wished this marriage, night and day, 20
 For many years.' But William answered short ;
 'I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
 I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hand, and said :
 'You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus ! 25
 But in my time a father's word was law.

And so it shall be now for me. Look to it.
 Consider, William ; take a month to think,
 And let me have an answer to my wish ;
 Or, by the Lord that made me you shall pack, 30
 And never more darken my doors again !'

But William answered madly ; bit his lips,
 And broke away. The more he looked at her
 The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;

But Dora bore them meekly. Then, before 35
The month was out, he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields ;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allen called 40
His niece and said : 'My girl, I love you well ;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law.'
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought, 45
'It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change !'

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William ; then distresses came on him ;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not. 50
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat 55
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :
'I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first. 60
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you :
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest : let me take the boy, 65

And I will set him in my uncle's eye
 Among the wheat : that, when his heart is glad
 Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.'

And Dora took the child, and went her way 70
 Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound,
 That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
 Far off the farmer came into the field,
 And spied her not ; for none of all his men
 Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ; 75
 And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
 But her heart failed her ; and the reapers reaped,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
 The child once more, and sat upon the mound ; 80
 And made a little wreath of all the flowers
 That grew about, and tied it round his hat
 To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
 Then when the farmer passed into the field
 He spied her, and he left his men at work, 85
 And came and said : 'Where were you yesterday?
 Whose child is that? What are you doing here?'

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
 And answer'd softly, 'This is William's child !'
 'And did I not,' said Allen, 'did I not 90
 Forbid you, Dora?' Dora said again :
 'Do with me as you will, but take the child,
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone !'
 And Allen said, 'I see it is a trick
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there. 95

I must be taught my duty, and by you !
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;
But go you hence, and never see me more.'

So saying he took the boy, that cried aloud 100
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came, 105
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret ; and the reapers reap'd.
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy 110
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, 'My uncle took the boy ;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you :
He says that he will never see me more.' 115
Then answered Mary, 'This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother ; therefore thou and I will go, 120
And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;
And I will beg of him to take thee back :
But, if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows 125
Of age to help us.

So the women kiss'd
 Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
 The door was off the latch : they peep'd, and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm, 130
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
 Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretch'd out
 And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
 From Allen's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in : but, when the boy beheld 135
 His mother, he cried out to come to her :
 And Allen set him down, and Mary said :
 'O Father !—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William or this child ; but now I come 140
 For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.
 O sir, when William died, he died at peace
 With all men ; for I asked him, and he said,
 He could not ever rue his marrying me—
 I had been a patient wife ; but, sir, he said 145
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus :
 "God bless him !" he said, "and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone thro' !" Then he turned
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am !
 But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you 150
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
 His father's memcry ; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before.'

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room ; 155
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs :—
 'I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd
 my son.

I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son !
 May God forgive me !— I have been to blame,
 Kiss me, my children.' 160

Then they clung about
 The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
 And all the man was broken with remorse ;
 And all his love came back a hundredfold ;
 And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
 Thinking of William.

So these four abode
 Within one house together. And as years
 Went forward, Mary took another mate ;
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death. 170

TENNYSON.

EXERCISES

1. (i) Use in sentences :—thrifty, to slight, broke away, broke out.

(ii) Explain clearly :—answered short, her heart failed her, thought hard things, teach him hardness, doubled up his hand, yearned toward William, all the man was broken into remorse.

2. Do you approve of the conduct of Allen and William? Of all the characters in the poem whom do you like most? Why?

3. I *will* not marry Dora :—I *cannot* marry. Point out the difference between the two forms. Learn the use of '*shall*' and '*will*'. What is the force of *will* in :—'You will not—boy?'

4. Word study :—

Break away.	} a-begging a-flow (p. 165.)
Break in.	
Break up.	
Break out.	

19. WILLIAM TELL

COME, list to me, and you shall hear

A tale of what befell

A famous man of Switzerland—

His name was WILLIAM TELL.

4

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day

His little flock he led ;

By prudent thrift and hardy toil,

Content to earn his bread.

8

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown ;

In Uri none was seen

To track the rock-frequenting herd

With eye so true and keen.

12

A little son was in his home,

A laughing, fair-haired boy ;

So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,

He made it ring with joy.

16

His father's sheep were all his friends :

The lambs he called by name ;

And when they frolicked in the fields,

The child would share the game.

20

So peacefully their hours were spent

That life had scarce a sorrow ;

They took the good of every day

And hoped for more to-morrow.

24

But oft some shining April morn

Is darkened in an hour,

And blackest grief o'er joyous homes,

Alas ! unseen may lower.

28

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty ;
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily. 32

So one was sent in luckless hour,
To rule in Austria's name ;
A haughty man of savage mood—
In pomp and pride he came. 36

One day, in wantonness of power,
He set his cap on high :—
'Bow down, ye slaves,' the order ran,
'Who disobeys shall die !' 40

It chanced that WILLIAM TELL that morn
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altorf town had come : 44

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil
His father homeward bore,
And prayed to join the hunting crew,
When they should roam for more. 48

And often on some merry night,
When wondrous feats were told,
He longed his father's bow to take,
And be a hunter bold. 52

TELL saw the crowd, the lifted cap,
The tyrant's angry frown ;
And heralds shouted in his ear,
'Bow down, ye slaves, bow down !' 56

Stern Gessler marked the peasant's mien,
 And watched to see him fall ;
 But never palm-tree straighter stood
 Than TELL before them all ! 60

'My knee shall bend,' he calmly said,
 'To God, and God alone ;
 My life is in the Austrian's hand,
 My conscience is my own.' 64

'Seize him, ye guards !' the ruler cried,
 While passion choked his breath ;
 'He mocks my power, he braves my lord,
 He dies the traitor's death ;— 68

'Yet wait. The Swiss are marksmen true—
 So all the world doth say ;
 That fair-haired stripling hither bring—
 We'll try their skill to-day.' 72

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood ;
 To this the youth was bound ;
 They placed an apple on his head—
 He looked in wonder round. 76

'The fault is mine, if fault there be,'
 Cried TELL, in accents wild ;
 'On manhood let your vengeance fall,
 But spare, oh, spare my child !' 80

'I will not harm the pretty boy,'
 Said Gessler tauntingly ;
 'If blood of his shall stain the ground,
 Yours will the murder be. 84

Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
Your straightest arrow take ;
For know, yon apple is your mark,
Your liberty the stake.' 88

A mingled noise of wrath and grief,
Was heard among the crowd :
The men, they muttered curses deep,
The women wept aloud. 92

Full fifty paces from his child,
His strong bow in his hand,
With lips compressed, and flashing eye,
TELL firmly took his stand. 96

Sure, full enough of pain and woe,
This crowded Earth has been ;
But never, since the curse began,
A sadder sight was seen. 100

Then spake aloud the gallant boy,
Impatient of delay,
'Shoot straight and quick, thine aim is sure ;
Thou canst not miss to-day.' 104

'Heaven bless thee now !' the parent said,
'Thy courage shames my fear :
Man tramples on his brother man,
But God is ever near. 108

The bow was bent, the arrow went
As by an angel guided ;
In pieces two, beneath the tree,
The apple fell divided ! 112

' 'Twas bravely done,' the ruler said,
 'My plighted word I keep ;
 'Twas bravely done by sire and son—
 Go home, and feed your sheep.' 116

'No thanks I give thee for thy boon,'
 The peasant coldly said ;
 'To God alone my praise is due,
 And duly shall be paid. 120

'Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near,
 Had I but missed my aim ;
 Not unavenged my child had died—
 Thy parting hour the same. 124

'For see ! a *second* shaft was here,
 If harm my boy befell ;—
 Now go and bless the heavenly powers.
 My *first* has sped so well.' 128

God helped the right, God spared the sin :
 He guards the proud to shame ;
 He guards the weak against the strong—
 Praise to His holy name ! 132

REV. F. H. GURNEY.

EXERCISES

1. (i) Lower (line 28) is suggestive of a darkening cloud lowering—Similarly what do 'ring' (16) and 'yoke' (31) suggest?

(ii) 'Prudent thrift' as opposed to 'miserly thrift.'
 CUNNING means (85) clever.

2. (i) Lips compressed, flashing eye—What do these signify?

(ii) Since the curse began (line 99)—What is the Biblical allusion?

(iii) Name the words or phrases used in the poem to denote:—happened, played merrily, company of persons, behaviour or look, defies, lad, promise.

3. Explain with reference to the context:—(a) Thy courage shames my fear; (b) My life is—my own (line 63-64).

4. Bring out the difference in the meaning of:—Hard, hardy, hardly.

5. (i) Find out instances of metaphor and alliteration.

(ii) Mark how conditional clauses are introduced in lines 83-122.

20. TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice, 4
A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused—the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry— 8
And looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with grey hair a-flow.
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied. 12

She cried, 'For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,—
My beautiful, brave first-born chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves 16
Lap the white walls of Tunis!'—'What I can
I give,' Tritemius said, 'my prayers.'—'O man
Of God!' she cried, for grief had made her bold,
'Mock me not thus. I ask not prayers, but gold. 20
'Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;

Even while I speak perhaps my first-born dies.'
 'Woman!' Tritemius answered, 'from our door
 None go unfed : hence are we always poor, 24
 A single soldo is our only store.
 Thou hast our prayers ;—What can we give thee
 more?'

'Give me,' she said, 'the silver candlesticks
 On either side of the great crucifix : 28
 God well may spare them on His errands sped,
 Or He can give you golden ones instead.'
 Then spake Tritemius, 'Even as thy word,
 Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious Lord. 32
 Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice.
 Pardon me if a human soul I prize
 Above the gifts upon His altar piled)
 Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child.' 36

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
 He placed within the beggar's eager palms ;
 And as she vanished from the linden shade
 He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed. 40

So the day passed and, when the twilight came,
 He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
 And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
 Upon the altar candlesticks of gold ! 44

J. G. WHITTIER.

EXERCISES

1. What is the meaning of:—lost soul, redeem thy child, eager palms.

2. 'Lap' here means 'enclose'. Bring out the force of 'might' in 'might not be denied', and 'sped' in line 29.
3. Give examples of nouns in apposition.
4. Explain the figures of speech in lines 7 and 8 and 28.

21. THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM

A Nightingale, that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended, 4
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite ;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off, upon the ground, 8
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
 So stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop. 12

The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent—
 'Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
 'As much as I your minstrelsy, 16
 You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song ;
 For 'twas the self-same power divine
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine ; 20
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night.'
 The songster heard his short oration,
 And warbling out his approbation, 24
 Released him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
 Their real interest to discern ; 28
 That brother should not war with brother,
 And worry and devour each other ;
 But sing and shine by sweet consent,
 Till life's poor transient night is spent, 32
 Respecting in each other's case,
 The gifts of nature and of grace.
 Those Christians best deserve the name,
 Who studiously make peace their aim ! 36
 Peace both the duty and the prize
 Of him that creeps and him that flies.

COWPER.

EXERCISES

1. Compare the lines containing the words, 'jarring sectaries . . . ' with the smooth flowing line picturing concord 'sing and shine by sweet consent.'
2. Point out in this piece some grammatical peculiarities usually seen in poetry.
3. Write out in your own words (a) The appeal of the glow-worm to the nightingale, (b) The moral expressed in lines 27 to 38.

22. THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN A CHILD'S STORY

I

HAMELIN TOWN'S in Brunswick,
 By famous Halover city ;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its walls on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ; 5
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats ! 10
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles.
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats 15
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats. 20

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
' 'Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking !
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine 25
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking 30
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !'
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sate in council, 35
At length the Mayor broke silence :
'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again 40
 I've scratched it so and all in vain.
 O for a trap, a trap, a trap !
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
 'Bless us,' cried the Mayor, 'what's that?' 45
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat ;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous 50
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
 'Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pit !

V

'Come in !' the Mayor cried, looking bigger ; 55
 And in did come the strangest figure !
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, 60
 And light lose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in —
 There was no guessing his kith and kin !
 And nobody could enough admire 65
 The tall man and his quaint attire :
 Quoth one : 'It's as my great-grandsire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone !'

VI

He advanced to the council-table ; 70
And, 'Please your honours,' said he, 'I am able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All crèatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw ! 75
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.'
And here they noticed round his neck 80
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing 85
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.
'Yet,' said he, 'poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ; 90
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats ;
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?' 95
'One? fifty thousand!' was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept 100
In his quiet pipe the while ;

Then, like a musical adept
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ; 105
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered ;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
 And out of the house the rats came tumbling. 110

* * * * *

Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing, 115
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished.

* * * * *

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
 'Go,' cried the Mayor 'and get long poles 120
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats !'—when suddenly up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place, 125
 With a 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders !'

IX

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With 'Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ; 130
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
'Beside,' quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink, 135
'Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend we're not the folk to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink, 140
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;
A thousand guilders ! Come take fifty !' 145

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
'No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in, 150
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver,
And folks who put me in a passion 155
May find me pipe to another fashion.'

XI

'How?' cried the Mayor, d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a Cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald? 160
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane; 165
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 Out came the children running.
 All the little boys and girls, 170
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood 175
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by—
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joycus crowd at the Piper's back. 180
 But now the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters ! 185
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.
'He never can cross that mighty top ! 190
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop !
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ; 195
And the piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were into the very last,
The door in the Mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No ! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ; 200
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say :
'It's dull in our town since my playmates left !
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see, 205
Which the Piper also promised me ;
For he led us, he said to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue, 210
And everything was strange and new,
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And there dogs outran our fallow deer
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings ; 215

And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped, and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will, 220
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more !'

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin !
 There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's gate, 225
 Ope to the rich at as easy rate,
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
 The Mayor sent East, West, North and South
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him, 230
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
 But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
 And Piper and dancers were gone for ever, 235
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,
 'And so long after what happened here 240
 On the twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six'
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street— 245
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for future to lose his labour.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern 250
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;
 And there it stands to this very day, 255
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbours lay such stress, 260
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band,
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land, 265
 But how or why they don't understand.

XV

So Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers :
 And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from
 mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
 promise. 270

ROBERT BROWNING.

EXERCISES

1. Clear articulation and good reading are essential to appreciate the vivid and interesting language of the poem. The effect of the pleasant humour here and there should be appreciated.

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2. Ermine—Is an emblem of purity and dignity.

Explain:—Looking little . . . fat (47) (compare, 'looking bigger' and 'looked blue'): His face fell.

3. (i) Note (a) how 'pit-a-pat' is an imitation of the beating of the heart; (b) how the words in lines 107-10 picture to us the increasing number of the rats.

(ii) How merrily the lines 170-74 run. Point out other instances where the sound effect agrees with the description of the poet.

- (iii) The effect of the vowel sounds in lines 166 and 167.

4. Note the rhyme arrangement of the piece.

5. Describe (a) the havoc done by the rats; (b) The dress and the appearance of the Pied Piper; (c) How the Piper piped the children away.

6. (i) A pleasanter spot you never spied—Use the superlative.

(ii) I wish I were a mile away—Justify the use of 'were' with 'I'.

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